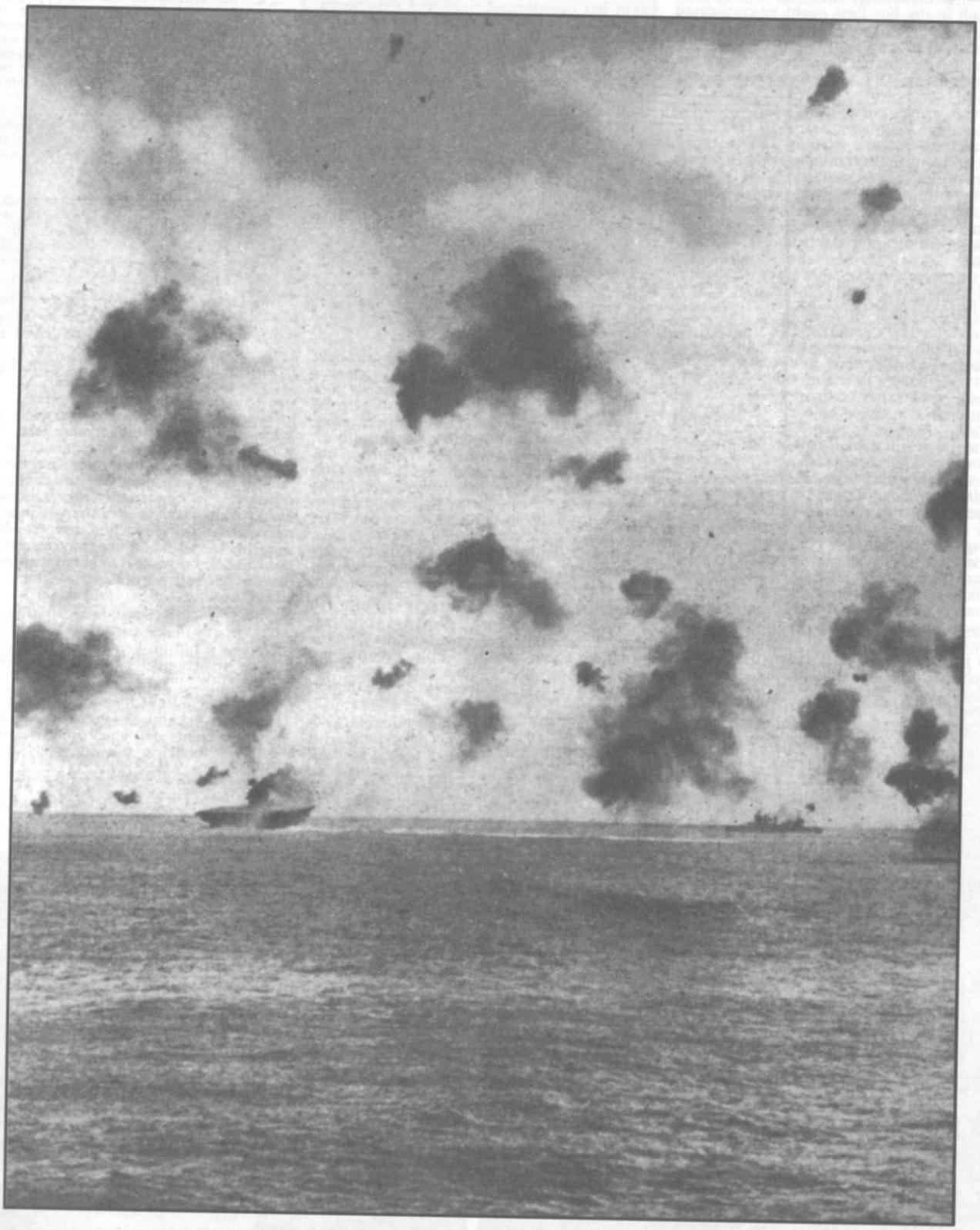
Vol 6 The War Illustrated N° 135

6d FORTNIGHTLY

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

AUGUST 21, 1942



U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER YORKTOWN and other fighting ships of the American Navy throw up a heavy screen of A.A. fire to beat off a squadron of Japanese torpedo-carrying planes during the Battle of Midway Island in the Pacific last June. The aircraft-carrier and her escort were unsuccessfully attacked during a crucial phase of the battle by thirty-six enemy aircraft launched from the Japanese carrier Hiryu—subsequently destroyed; but in a further attack by torpedo aircraft the Yorktown (left) was hit.

Photo, Sport & General

NO. 136 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

ALONG THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Our Military Critic, Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

DURING the second half of July the situation continued to deteriorate at a disturbing pace. It is true that the lull in the Far East might be considered advantageous to the Allies, as it gave time for expansion and organization of their forces. The limited success of Japanese operations in China and spirited resistance of the Chinese armies were also encouraging. But the losses inflicted on Japan's shipping and navy in the period were probably more than balanced by the quantities of raw material for war purposes she was now drawing from captured territories.

In Egypt, Gen. Auchinleck had ensured, temporarily at least, the security of Alexandria and the Canal, and had achieved some minor tactical successes; but he had been unable to muster an adequate force in time to attempt a decisive blow against Rommel's army while it was still exhausted, and without reinforcements or an organized line of communications. The situation became one of temporary stalemate, neither side being strong enough to attempt a major offensive on a restricted front which denies possibilities of large-scale manoeuvre and involves frontal attacks on strongly defended positions. By pursuing an active policy, General Auchinleck may be able to slow down the rate at which Rommel can gather strength for a renewed attempt to reach Alexandria, while at the same time gaining time for accessions to his own strength to arrive from distant sources.

IN EGYPT Rommel was checked by the Eighth Army at El Alamein. The map shows the battle front at the end of July.
By Courtesy of News Chronicle

His troops should consequently suffer less than the enemy from exposure to summer conditions. On the whole, the situation in Egypt has deteriorated only so far as hopes of an early and effective counter-offensive have had to be abandoned, leaving the threat to Alexandria in abeyance.

In Russia the deterioration of the situation was, of course, so far as ascertainable facts go, much more serious. Russia by the end of the month had lost the industrial area of the Donetz, the great food-producing areas in the bend of the Don, and her oil supplies were threatened.

The left wing of Timoshenko's armies on the Lower Don had been defeated after hard fighting; its losses must have been heavy, and there was little hope of it being strongly reinforced. Its residual power of resistance depended on the degree of success achieved in carrying out a difficult withdrawal and on the strength of reserves in the Lower Don region still unused. The threat to Stalingrad and to the Volga waterway had also become very serious, but the possibility of reinforcing the defences there made the situation a degree less critical than on the left of Timoshenko's front.

The successful counter-attacks at Voronezh alone of the ascertainable facts are encouraging. There are, however, factors in the situation about which definite information cannot be obtained, but which may yet vitally affect the development of the situation favourably.

The Germans have achieved success by a maximum concentration of their offensive strength. The question is, how long can the momentum of their offensive be maintained, and to what extent has the resistance it has encountered exhausted its strength? We do not know and can speculate only.

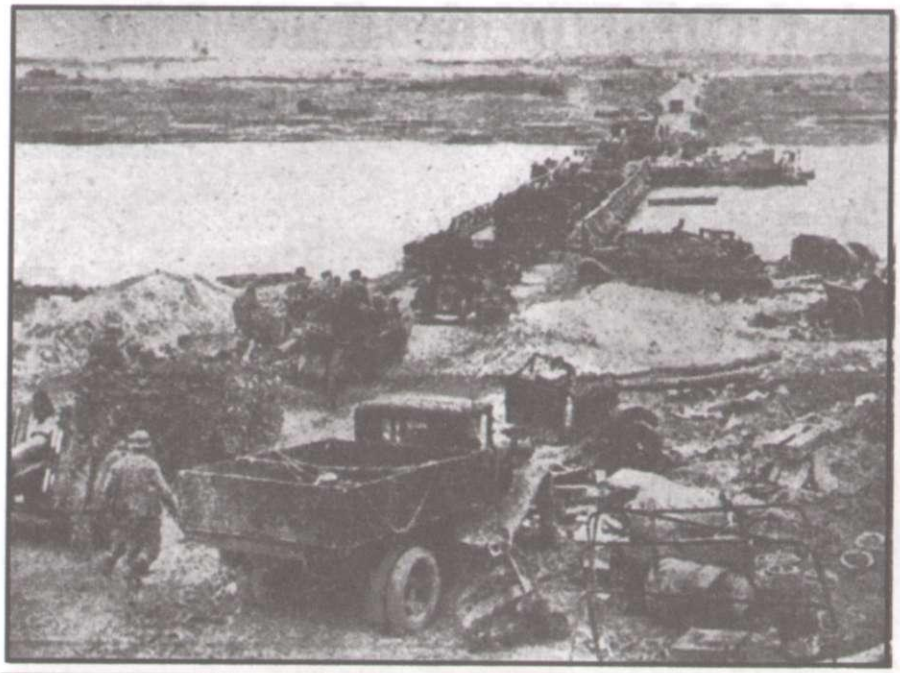
Russia, on the other hand, though she has lost so heavily in territory and in sources of war production, has still a great part of her army uncommitted. She has no occupied territories to garrison, and, except for the army she maintains in the Far East, she is free to use all of her reserve power. What its strength may be we have no exact knowledge, but it probably exceeds the reserve strength of Germany. If the part of her army which has had to meet the German blow retains sufficient strength to continue its resistance, an opportunity may arise for the employment of this reserve strength in counter-offensive action. Even if a counter-offensive were unable to make headway against stubborn German defence it might at least prolong the struggle into winter.

EGYPT In Egypt after the indecisive tank battle of July 15 and 16 there was a lull broken only by intensive air attacks on Rommel's troops and communications.

The lull continued until the night of the 21st, when Auchinleck launched an attack on his whole front. His chief objectives were to extend his hold on the ridges about Tel el

READERS are asked to remember that the articles on the War by Land, Sea, and Air, specially written for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED by our expert contributors, should be read with at least a fortnight's perspective in mind. Of necessity these articles are written between two and three weeks in advance of publishing day and no attempt can be made in a fortnightly publication to be abreast of the latest news. The aim of our contributors is to present a well-considered review of the progress of the War from all points of view at the time of writing.

BRITAIN'S EIGHTH ARMY brought Rommel's forces to a pause in Egypt in the middle of July, and then made a series of counter-attacks. Left, officers of a mobile column hold a conference for a plan of attack; these "Jock" columns have done extremely valuable work in harassing Axis forces. The nights are bitterly cold in the Western Desert, and the men (right) wearing greatcoats are warming themselves over an improvised brazier.
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright



CROSSING THE DON by pontoon bridges the German thrust into the Caucasus was speeded up after the fall of Rostov at the end of July, when the enemy established four bridgeheads. Some of Von Bock's men are here seen making the crossing of the river. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Eisa in the north, the capture of the Ruweisat ridge in the centre, and to improve his position on the plateau bounding the Qattara depression in the south. Progress was made at all points, and in particular the whole of the Ruweisat ridge was captured. Throughout the 22nd Rommel counter-attacked strongly, but without again committing any large force of tanks. He recovered the western extremity of the Ruweisat ridge, where counter-attacks had been most violent, and the Tel el Eisa ridges changed hands several times. Thus our final gain of ground was inconsiderable.

On the whole, the results of the attack were somewhat disappointing, but it did, to some extent, improve the position, and inflicted losses on the enemy which effectively slowed down the recovery of his offensive strength.

There followed a lull of four days, during which the enemy worked at consolidating his position, now well protected by minefields. On July 28 Auchinleck attacked again in the northern sector to secure a further footing on the Tel el Eisa ridges. Several points were taken, but could not be held, as the rocky ground prevented rapid consolidation and troops were exposed to great concentrations of artillery fire. Isolated high points, though valuable for observation purposes, can seldom be held unless defences can be consolidated well beyond them, for they are inviting targets. In this instance minefields prevented tanks from gaining ground which the infantry might have consolidated. As a raid the operation had some success, but on the whole it was disappointing. The lull which followed it proved that nothing of importance had been achieved.

RUSSIA

In the latter half of July the great German drive southwards progressed alarmingly. West of the Donetz it was stubbornly resisted, but it was pressed there with special fury and was supported by an immense concentration of aircraft, tanks, and guns.

The first sign that Timoshenko had little hope of checking the drive short of Rostov was when the great industrial town of Voroshilovgrad was evacuated on July 19. Rearguard fighting continued, but by the 24th fighting was going on in the outskirts of Rostov and tanks had penetrated the outer defences. It was then only a question whether Timoshenko would sacrifice troops to fight for every house, or whether he would try to get as many away as possible to the other side of the Don. Wisely he took the latter course, and though his troops from the right bank were probably much disorganized in crossing the river under constant air attack, a substantial proportion must have got away safely since the Germans claimed no large number of prisoners.

Although the capture of Rostov was a sensational event it had probably no special strategic importance, for the city had lost much of its value to the Russians and its fall did not greatly facilitate further German operations. Like the Donetz Basin it was a loss that had to be written off. The main problem was how to check the impetus of the German drive on the line of the Don.

The Germans had reached the river on a broad front, and their attempt to cross it at Tsimlyanskaya, halfway between Rostov and its great bend, was particularly dangerous, for the Stalingrad-Novorossisk railway passes within forty miles of the river at this point—and this line was the only remaining railway communication with Timoshenko's left flank. Tsimlyanskaya, however, probably marked the centre of the army which had retreated in good order southwards between the Don and the Donetz, and the German attempts to cross the river failed a number of times in face of strong opposition before a bridgehead was established. Even when a firm foothold had been gained, its reinforcement was difficult, and counter-attacks had, up to the end of the month, checked its extension, compelling the Germans to attempt crossing at other points.

As had been illustrated at Voronezh it is often easier to effect the crossing of a river than to deploy a force of offensive capacity across it. Vigorous and quick counter-attacks are therefore the main method of holding a river line, although air attacks may greatly add to the difficulty of reinforcing bridgeheads. Although by the end of July the Don had been crossed at several points, the problem of deploying the German Army on its left bank had not yet been solved except in the Rostov region.

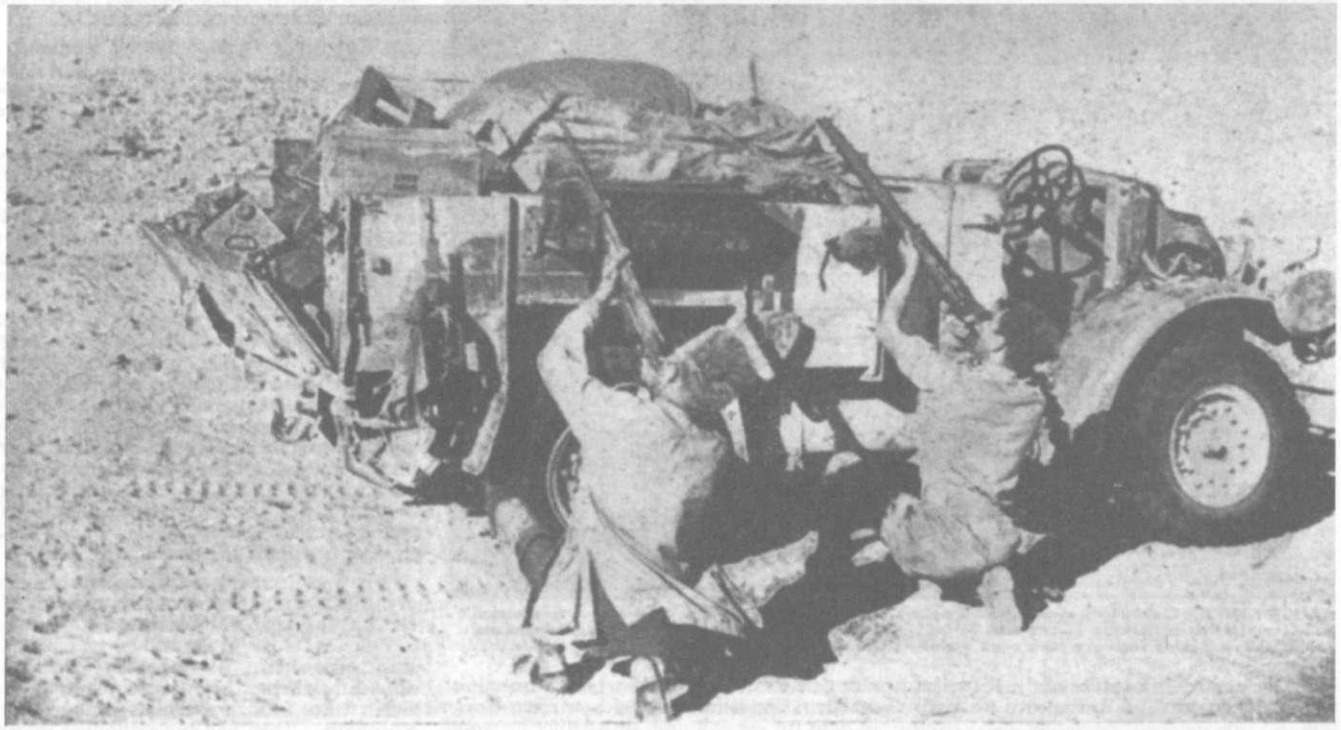
Meanwhile, the left wing of the German drive had neared the elbow of the Don, close to the Volga and Stalingrad. It was meeting strong opposition on the right bank of the river, and had as yet made no attempt to force a crossing. Probably from lack of good communications the German force here was not at first of great strength, but the advance in the Donetz, by securing control of the railway to Stalingrad, may have enabled it to be reinforced. The attack therefore promised to grow in violence.

What the crossing of the Don would eventually cost the Germans, and what its effect in checking the momentum of their advance would be, were at the end of the month uncertain. It was also becoming doubtful whether they would be able to retain their footing across the river at Voronezh. They had not unlimited reserves to draw on in this region, for Russian attacks at Bryansk were threatening the northern defensive flank of their great offensive. The subsidiary offensive which they had opened in the Rzhev region had died down, possibly because reserves were needed at Bryansk, and there was an obvious danger that this would leave Zhukov with a freer hand to use his reserves offensively.

Serious as the Russian situation was, it certainly still had encouraging possibilities.

RUSSIAN FRONT. Here in this map is shown the North Caucasian area which by early August was largely overrun by the Nazi armies. Maikop and Grozny are rich oil-fields, and the strategical importance of the railway between Stalingrad and Novorossisk will be obvious. *By Courtesy of The Daily Telegraph*

They Fought and Died to the Last Man



NEW ZEALAND TROOPS are serving on the El Alamein front in Egypt, where the menace from the air includes the deadly dive-bomber. Top, taking cover behind a supply truck, two New Zealanders aim at an approaching Stuka. Below, a radioed photograph showing the burial of the New Zealand crew of an A.A. gun. Firing was continued until the last man had fallen as the result of a ferocious dive-bombing attack. The pile of shell-cases is a mute witness to their devotion to duty.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

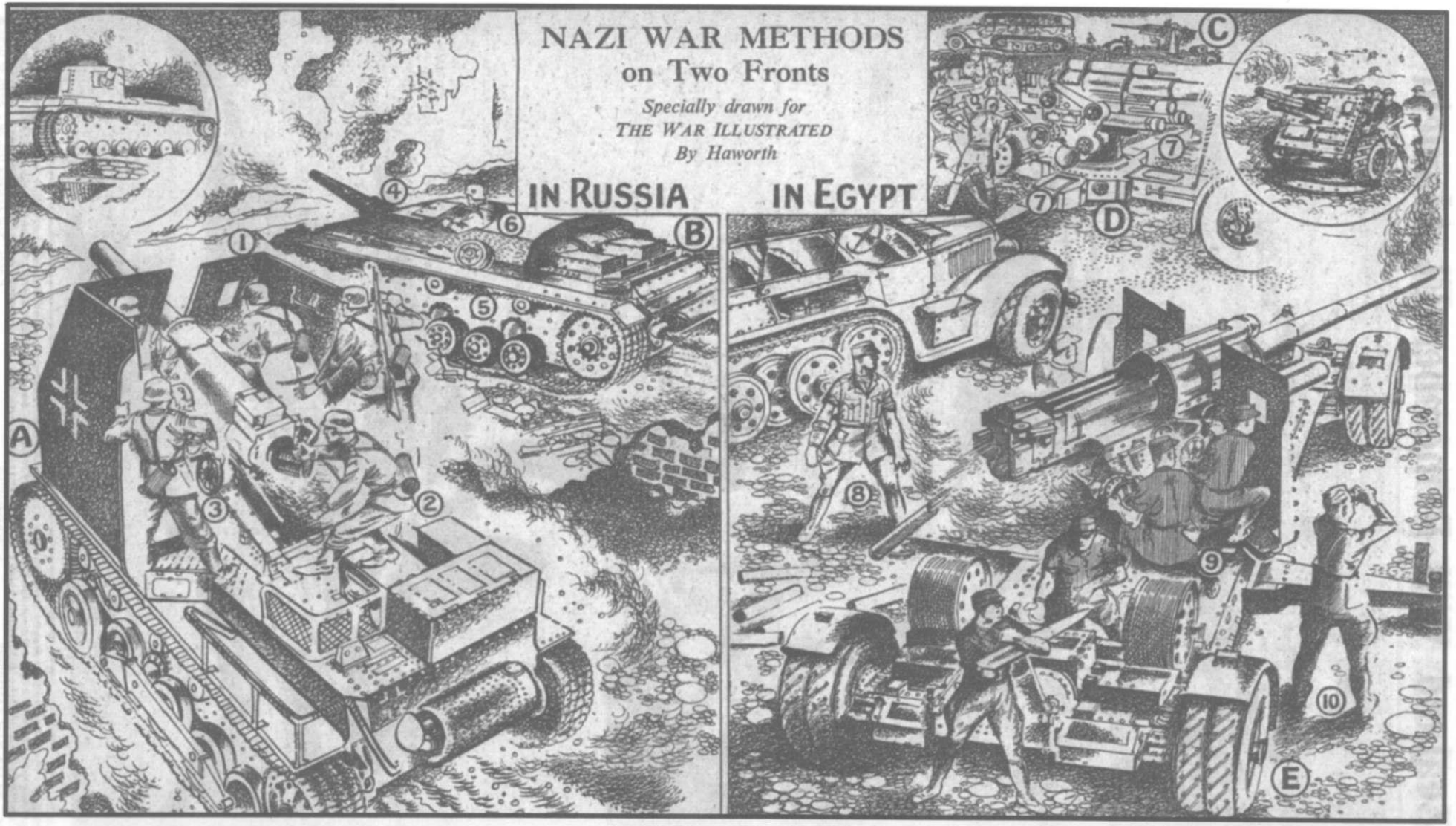
New Zealand Will Remember El Alamein

IN THE WESTERN DESERT the New Zealanders fought most valiantly against Rommel's forces in conditions that called for superhuman endurance and courage. In the top photograph, supplies are being unloaded from Army lorries. Centre, Lt.-Gen. Sir B. Freyberg, V.C., G.O.C. New Zealand Forces in the Middle East, lies wounded (for the ninth time in his career) at a field-dressing station near Mersa Matruh. Below, exhausted Axis prisoners put into "the bag" by the New Zealanders.

Photos, New Zealand Official; Sport & General

NAZI WAR METHODS on Two Fronts

Specially drawn for
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED
By Haworth



EGYPT AND RUSSIA constitute two very different battlefields, yet in the one and the other the Germans, in their war-making technique, display an identical aim—that of increasing and concentrating artillery fire-power to its fullest and most deadly extent.

IN RUSSIA the Germans employ two types of "Assault Wagons." These are designed to give intense close support fire to the infantry in reducing strong points and in close street fighting. In the foreground (A) is seen a 105-mm. gun mounted on the Mark I P ZK (light) tank chassis. Normally a revolving turret with two machine-guns is mounted. Several types of gun have been experimented with, but the 105-mm. seems to be the largest yet mounted on this chassis. The armoured shield (1) provides shelter for the crew, who are here seen observing the result of previous fire and are preparing to reload (2). The driver of the vehicle is situated low and just in front of the gun layer turning the small wheel (3).

(B). This 75mm. gun (4) is mounted on the Mark III chassis (5)—normally mounting a 50-mm. gun on revolving turret. There is a crew of four including the driver. The commander is seen observing the shot (6) from the entrance to the very squat armoured cupola of the vehicle. In both these types of assault wagon the whole vehicle is aimed at the target, but on the vertical plane the action is normal. These guns are fed by small ammunition trailers, which draw up alongside to replenish them. Inset small circle shows one of the many heavy Russian tanks which have been used with such effective results on the Voronezh front. This one mounts a four-inch gun on a revolving turret.

IN EGYPT the Germans employ the 88-mm. anti-aircraft and anti-tank gun, the chief feature of these being mobility. In the background (C) the gun is on a travelling train pulled along by a powerful half-tracked lorry which carries the crew. At (D) the crew are preparing the gun for A.A. work. The front and rear sets of wheels are detached by lowering the gun to the ground and extending the side arms (7). In anti-tank work the wheels are usually kept in position (E) and the side arms only extended. The gun is here seen recoiling and ejecting the spent shell-case. The gun loader, wearing a heavy elbow-length glove, is at (8), the gun layer (9). Others of the crew are preparing to reload, whilst the Officer-in-Charge observes the fire (10). The shells fired weigh about 20 lb. each. Seen inset small circle our own 25-pounder gun, which many experts consider to be the most useful all-round gun.

When It Was 'Sitzkrieg' for the Nazis in Libya

During the summer and autumn of 1941 the German sergeant-mechanic who kept the diary from which the following extracts are taken was a member of Rommel's Afrika Korps on the Sollum front. It was a period of "sitz" rather than "blitz," and it is interesting to note his reactions to the trials and tribulations of that kind of desert war.

JULY. As I have no other book, this English one [it was a S.O. 135] from the aerodrome at El Adem must do. I've torn out some used pages, so it's quite serviceable. The latest news is not the war in Russia, but that two men from the battalion can go on leave every fortnight. I've worked it out that under this scheme we shall need five-and-a-half years. Marvellous, isn't it? But I don't want leave that lasts only 21 days starting from Naples.

Then food here is now perfectly bloody. Today I had a little bit of cheese that provided just three thinly spread slices. I'd like to see the blurbs they're shoving in all the newspapers about our "splendid" grub out here. Here we sit like birds in the wilderness, so they give us food fit for owls. It's right enough to say that the German soldier adapts himself to his environment. Like a fool, I'd always wondered what the scorpions lived on. What do *we* live on, anyway? Let's hope that at home they don't forget us altogether on account of the Eastern campaign. I do not want to start a mutiny here, but there is no doubt that they could do better for us.

No break again for Sunday. I've got to work so that the paper-war may flourish. Three loud cheers for the paper-war! We started off the day again with an inoculation in the left breast, this time against cholera. If it goes on like this we shall shortly be walking medicine-chests.

It's dark already. Over there on the slope an Arab is piping away on his nerve-shattering instrument like a child of four. Today I lay the whole day in bed, feverish and trembling in every limb. I ate nothing all day but two bits of bread and marmalade. Has the tropical sickness got me as well? The chief thing for me is to keep well. I don't want to see any medical orderlies; they don't know themselves what they're doing. I've reached the stage that almost the whole company reached months ago. All pride in my health has gone. If this lasts another three weeks I'll be a useless wreck. But in spite of everything I'll grit my teeth and go through with it and not leave Africa before my unit leaves it.

I ate no more today than I did yesterday. Even my favourite dish, haricot beans well-cooked, couldn't tempt my appetite. My gorge rises at everything.

August. We get it pretty bad with British planes here. The beggars are here the whole time. Over Bardia one flare after the other is dropped. Now four of them are hanging there—and now the Tommies have laid their eggs. Of our Luftwaffe there's nothing to be seen. I think they must be away in Russia. Well, boys, just wait a moment; when they're here again and a big air attack begins, then the old desert will heave with a vengeance.

'God Knows What the Italians Are At!'

Italians are here laying mines in front of ours. In the short time that we've been here three Italians have already gone up in the air while doing their job. God knows what they think they're at. We've laid some thousands without that happening. The Italians are gradually getting on my nerves. The whole livelong day these friends of ours sound the air-raid alert—whether for a German or an Italian or a Britisher, they don't care a damn. Then they take to their heels and dive down their holes. When the All Clear sounds they first of all poke their heads out cautiously, and then creep forth. We don't let this comedy disturb us.

September. All day long we had our hands full with T-mines, H.E.s, shells, detonators, time fuses, and such like. In the evening I bathed both my feet in soapy water, for four scratches had festered and they've been open for fourteen days. At least twenty men are running around in this condition; everything festers and refuses to heal. After I had bathed them the medical corporal came and removed the septic matter with his surgical pincers. Today a man is off to Catania in Sicily; he has jaundice. What a life! Another man has diphtheria. One has this and the other has that. Fifteen of us have stomach trouble. The health situation is ghastly. It's so sad I feel like biting my big toe for laughter.

The new Commander has forbidden the wearing of short trousers. So now you run about the whole day in longs and sweat like a pig. I don't know which is worse, the Commander, the flies, or the rats. To hell with it! Are we in Africa or the Arctic

SITZKRIEG!—but not the version described in this article. A German officer sits alone in a prisoner-of-war camp in the Western Desert. *Photo, British Official*

or a madhouse? Everyone wants to go home. They say, quite rightly, "What are we doing here still? We're not fighting." Only with a sense of humour is this bearable.

I spoke this morning with an Italian, one-third by speech, two-thirds by gestures. He told me the English would never attack Rome. It was too ancient, the Holy Father lived there, and Rome had on that account no A.A. I made it plausible to him that we might shortly be getting a move on, in order to reach Cairo. He showed precious little elation at the prospect. That these fellows have no longer any stomach for the fight is absolutely clear to me. Some of them have been here for twenty months, and have had no leave. Perhaps these figures will apply to us some day. God forbid!

Today that mad Italian bugler sounded the air-raid alert no less than eighteen times. That makes thirty-six calls altogether. The Italians are by this time getting to be a real joke. They shoot at anything in the air providing it is far enough away.

At lunchtime eight British bombers flew over in close formation as calmly as you like. I'll have to get hold of a British A.A. gun. It's getting a bit thick that our friends are invariably permitted to go on their way undisturbed. Of course, the Italian flak hasn't fired a shot, for the bomber is the sort of thing that might, just conceivably, drop a bomb. They must see it's useless to try to placate the things by not shooting, for you can get a bomb in your eye ever so easily and then you've got to wear a glass eye or a black patch for the rest of your life. Is it tragedy or a comedy that's being played here?

October. [For the first part of the month the writer is seriously ill. He has pains in the left thigh that cripple him. But throughout, as he records, he works indefatigably—and grouses half hysterically, as usual.]

Today, once again, we got rations for three days. I had such a pitiable hunger that I've already eaten my rations for tomorrow and the day after. What I'll eat then God alone knows. Perhaps I'll get another parcel. Isn't it perfect mockery what they offer us here for food? Here, of all places, where you need more to keep your health than elsewhere. It doesn't matter a damn if we go to the dogs; what matters is that Germany saves foreign exchange and will win the war.

'Best to Keep My Mouth Shut'

November. Shall I curse or shall I laugh? Shall I kick things around? I'll keep my mouth shut; that's the best thing. On a Sunday they actually give us a quarter of a plate of food. But be content, you've got all you need! What? Not the case? It's there in the papers; you'll find it in the weekly illustrated. Then it *must* be true. Now I have really got fed up with the whole show. Nothing doing in front of us or behind; in addition to which you've got to starve and every night we have a visit from the Royal Air Force. I'm going to apply for leave. They can stew in their own juice.

I want to go home. When I get back let's hope we shall get a move on. We can live on dry bread for all I care, so long as we get a move on. When we were shifting about all over the desert like Arabs we were always told, "Of course, supplies can't follow you; you move so quickly. But it'll soon be better; we've everything stored in Tripoli." Now, we've been stationary for weeks and suddenly they have the cheek to tell us, "Yes, the English are sinking too much of our stuff." Nothing's simpler than that—you just work out the average quota of losses, send over enough extra to right the balance, and there you are. The thanks of the Fatherland go out to you, boys, sure enough. You see it more clearly every day. Divisional Orders say that numerous bags of parcels have been lost through enemy action. This should be made known to our parents; it would save unnecessary questions afterwards. About ten parcels of mine must have gone to the devil. How do you like that? They're not even in a position to safeguard the little needs and luxuries that we get from home. Everything sums up to this: "We're holding out in a lost post."

Yesterday we are again given three days' rations. It's simply incredible what we've got to put up with. Poor homeland, can you offer nothing better to your sons who are roasting in Africa's heat?

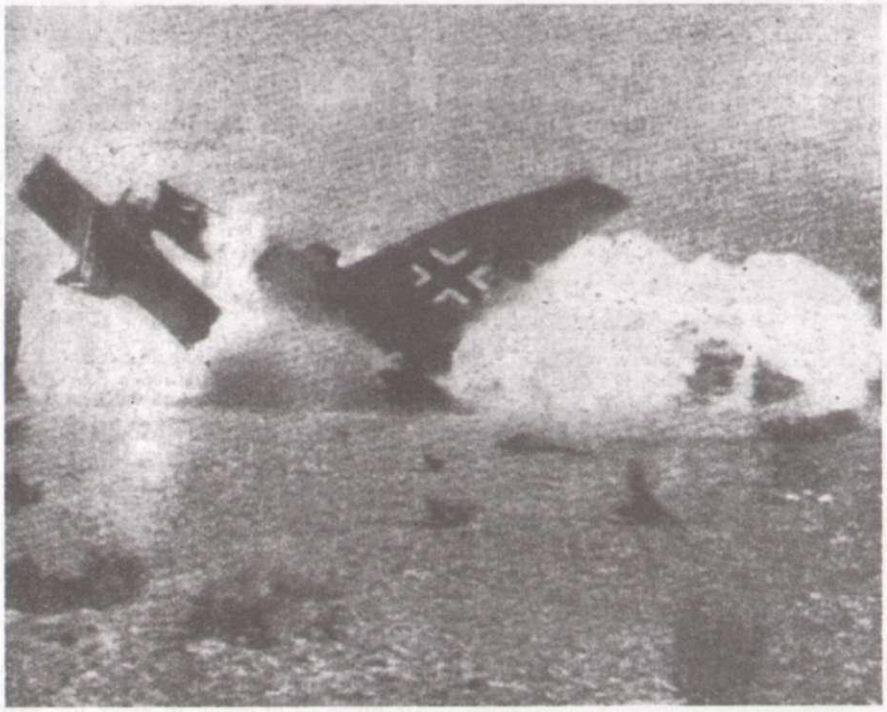
THE WAR IN THE AIR

by **Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.**

ALLIED air activity everywhere continues on a growing scale. American squadrons now operate in the United Kingdom, in the Middle East, in China, and the Far East; in Russia American-built Fortress bombers have been used to bomb strategic lines of communication. North American Mustang single-seat fighters have been shooting-up ground targets in France; these aircraft are used by the R.A.F. Army Cooperation Command, and pending the opening-up of active ground warfare in Western Europe they are working in collaboration with the squadrons of Fighter Command.

Fierce and bitter air actions have continued along the active zones of fighting in Russia, each side striving to attain a measure of local domination in the air, and neither appearing to achieve their objective, so evenly do the air arms match one another. Yet the Red Air Force have bombed Königsberg, the important port and communication centre and capital of East Prussia, which has not been bombed by the R.A.F. This city of about 320,000 inhabitants is strategically well-placed as a feeder for the German forces facing the Leningrad, Moscow, and Bryansk zones. Its straight-line distance from British bases is 800 miles—too far for a summer night's raid. For the Red Air Force it must have meant an operational round flight of about 1,100 to 1,200 miles. All the Russian aircraft returned safely. The type of aircraft used was not disclosed. Evidently the Russian airmen met small opposition—further evidence of Germany's need to concentrate her air defences against the R.A.F. Apart from the material damage caused by this raid on Königsberg, the raid will have the useful strategic effect of causing the Luftwaffe still further to spread the ground-air defences against air raids.

While the extended German invasion of south Russia is a serious factor in the war situation, it must be borne in mind that for Germany, bent on conquest, this is the critical year in which Hitler must stake everything he has got. It is now universally conceded that air superiority, employed tactically, has created the conditions necessary for every material conquest of this war. It follows that this condition is also necessary to enable the Allies to reverse the sequences of military exploitation which we have witnessed at our expense during the past three years. In the field the Allied air forces are apparently approximately equal to those of the enemy in Russia, Egypt, India, and the Far East; while in Britain they are superior to those in Western Europe. We have reached this position after two years of great effort, for at the time of the Battle of Britain we were greatly outnumbered, as, later, we were outnumbered in the Far East. In 1943 we shall have world air superiority, and with satisfactory organization should be able to concentrate excess air strength wherever required, and at the same time increase still further the air bombardment of Germany.



A STUKA CRASHES on the Egyptian battlefront. This radioed photograph was taken at the actual moment that the machine hit the ground. It was shot down on July 23 by British A.A. gunfire. The pilot had baled out, and became a prisoner of war. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

THE four-engined bombers — Stirling, Halifax, Lancaster—that are causing heavy damage in Germany by their capacity to carry large-size bombs and heavy bomb-loads had their origin as R.A.F. types in the findings of an Air Staff conference held at the Air Ministry in May 1936 to consider a heavy-bomber specification drawn up under the guidance of Air Vice-Marshal (as he now is) R. D. Oxland. Thus we see how slowly, even under the urgent stress of rearmament and the pressure of war, new types of aircraft come into service; even then minor faults may be found under active service conditions, and have to be put right before the full flow of production can go smoothly. In this type of aircraft we are ahead of Germany. We now need them in ever greater numbers, for they are playing an important part in the campaign against the enemy submarine war.

From July 18 to 30 the principal targets for our home-based bombers were the Ruhr and Rhineland, Hamburg, and Saarbrücken. In the Ruhr-Rhine area the main objective was Duisburg (raided July 21, 23, and 25), the largest inland port in the world, and a vital centre for the inflow and outflow of raw and finished materials from that great war-producing belt. Although they may not appear to be interconnected, the attacks made during the same period by Fighter Command and Army Cooperation Command upon railway engines in the occupied zone within their reach are in alignment with the bomber attack upon Duisburg, for both were directed against enemy communications. Interference with waterborne communications adds to the strain upon landborne communications, and vice versa; when both are attacked the strain is greater.

The attack upon Hamburg on the night of July 26-7 must have had a shattering effect upon that city. Within 35 minutes more than 175,000 incendiary bombs fell upon the place, dropped by two waves of heavy and medium bombers, setting much of the old town on fire, causing fires all round the Aussen Alster lake, and many in the dock area. Anyone who knows Hamburg will realize that this is a blow heavier than any which the Luftwaffe has struck at Britain. The incendiaries were followed by high-explosives, including many 4,000-lb. bombs. The great German port and submarine-building base was raided again two nights later. These raids strike at the submarine menace direct, and are an important contribution to the Battle of the Atlantic. Saarbrücken was raided on July 29-30.

A FEW landmarks in the war have occurred in this period. Air Vice-Marshal K. R. Park, who commanded the No. 11 Fighter Group that played such a prominent part in the Battle of Britain, has taken over command in Malta from Air Vice-Marshal H. P. Lloyd as officer commanding the R.A.F. Mediterranean. In a special Order of the Day issued to all ranks A.V.-M. Lloyd, since knighted, disclosed that the enemy had to provide battleship escort for their convoys owing to action from Malta base. Last December the Germans transferred 400 aircraft in Sicily, mostly from units then in Russia and France, and the succeeding attack upon Malta was the most concentrated and sustained in the history of air warfare. But, he continued, "We destroyed and damaged so many aircraft that it weakened the German effort in Africa and also helped out the Russians . . . They are suffering from their great losses in this small island, whereas we are stronger than ever."

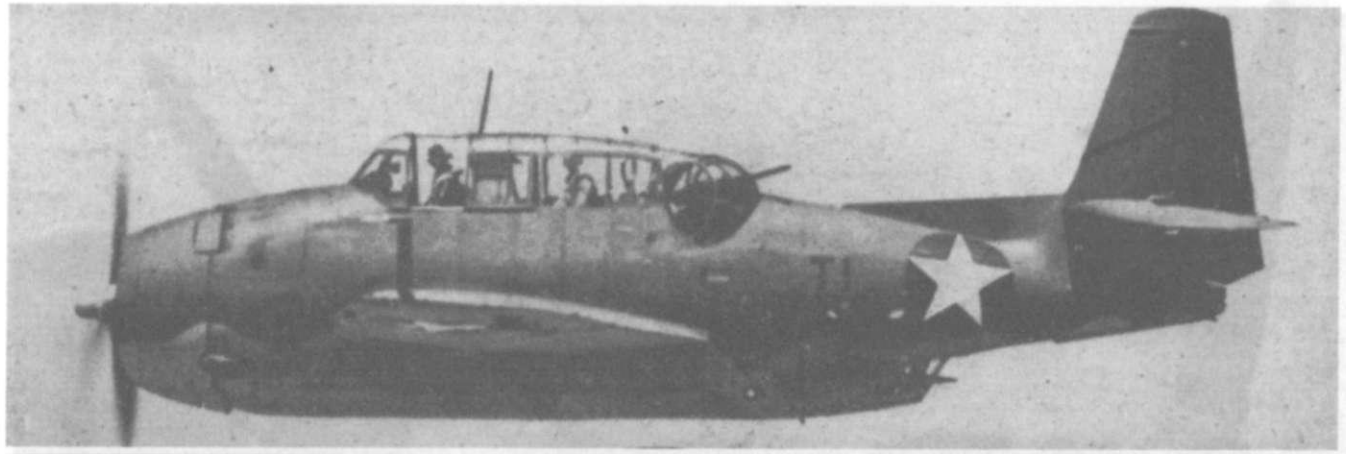
One of the County of London Auxiliary squadrons which fought in Britain and in Malta is now fighting in Egypt.

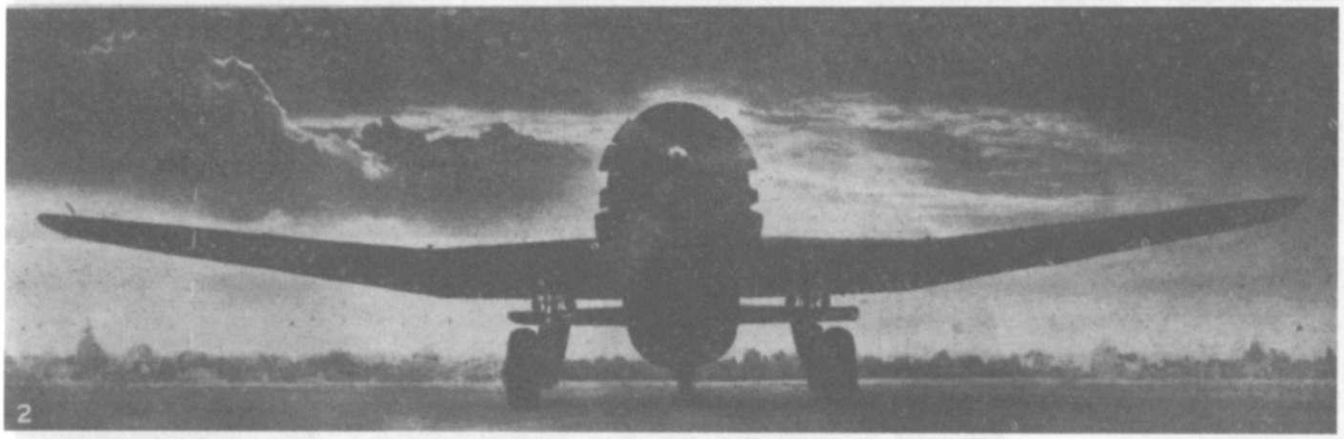
On July 21 R.A.F. Ferry Command celebrated its first birthday. During the year many American-built heavy and medium bombers and flying-boats have been flown across the Atlantic to Britain under the able direction of Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, who handled the Coastal Command until he took over Ferry Command.

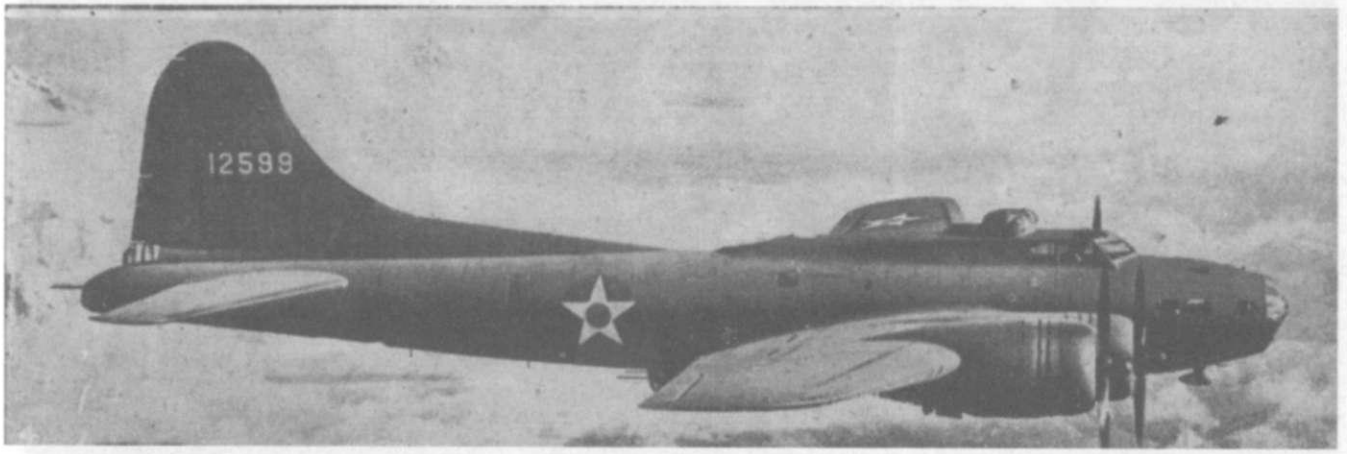
On July 26 a force of Spitfires in combat with Focke-Wulf 190s, Germany's crack fighters, shot down nine F.W.s, losing three Spitfires. One F.W. 190 was recently forced down and captured on the English south coast.

The Japanese landing at Buna in New Guinea has concentrated air action in that area. The landing was accompanied by new Japanese air attacks against Australian territory, notably Darwin and Townsville, but little damage was done. Meanwhile the monsoon in the Bay of Bengal has held up activity in the Burma-India zone; but in spite of the terrible monsoon weather (which I know from experience) the R.A.F. have raided points in Japanese occupation, among them Akyab, Burmese port across the Bay.

New American Planes Already in Action



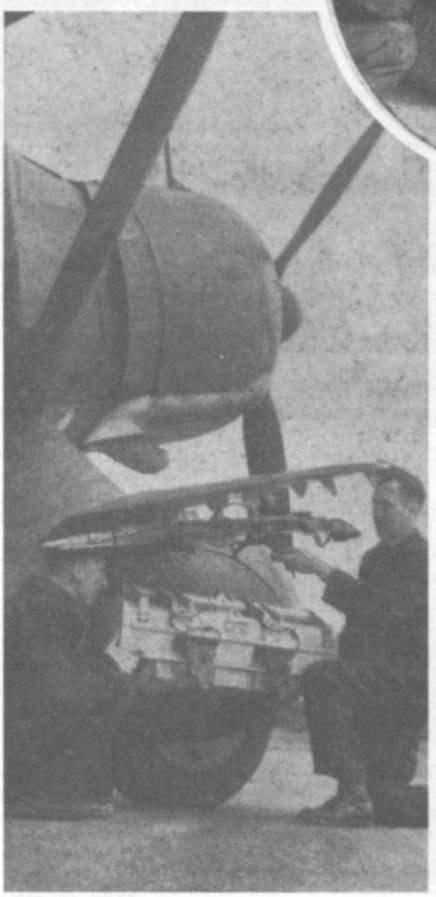




Here are some of the new American aircraft which are now in operation against the enemy. 1. The Grumman Avenger, the U.S. Navy's most recent type of torpedo bomber, used with deadly effect against the Japanese in the Battle of Midway Island. 2. Vultee Vengeance dive-bomber. 3. Britain's latest fighter from America, the Mustang, mainly used by the R.A.F. Army Cooperation Command in low-flying attacks on ground targets in German-occupied territory. 4. Boeing Flying Fortress, the formidable B-17E, in flight. *Photos, Keystone, Sport & General, P.N.A.*

Down to the Sea They Swoop to Save

A special smoke bomb (right) being fixed to a Walrus seaplane, employed by the R.A.F. Air-Sea Rescue Service.



AIR-SEA RESCUE SERVICE PILOTS of the R.A.F. are saving the lives of pilots forced down off our shores. Rescue work consists of a spotting plane dropping a rubber dinghy, marking the spot with a smoke bomb. A seaplane is then dispatched to pick up the stranded airmen. A Sunderland flying-boat (top) rescues airmen coming alongside in a dinghy. Attaching a container complete with dinghy before setting off (below left). Packing blankets into a Walrus seaplane (below right).

Photos, British Official; New York Times Photos, Planet News, Associated Press

Though Silent Now Bow Bells Will Ring Again

IN ST. MARY-LE-BOW, Cheapside, now open to the sky, the Ward of Cordwainer Club held a service on July 30, the first to take place there since the church was wrecked by enemy action. Through the ruined west window can be seen the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, also a sufferer—though fortunately to a much slighter extent—during the raids of 1940-41. The Cordwainers' own hall in Cannon Street was destroyed in a German bomb attack a year or so ago.

Photo, Topical Press

U.S. Commanders on the World's War Fronts

Since the treacherous blow dealt by the Japanese at Pearl Harbour last December, the U.S.A.'s contribution to the armed forces of the United Nations distributed across the world has been growing fast. Some indication of the extent and far-flung quality of the American armies is afforded by this page of portrait-biographies of the most prominent generals in the field.

BRETT of AUSTRALIA

REPUTED "to have seen more fighting fronts during the past year and a half than any other American officer," Lt.-Gen. George H. Brett has been commander of the Allied Air Forces in the South-West Pacific Area since April 1942. He was Deputy Supreme Commander of the South-West Pacific Area under General Wavell at the beginning of this year, and was present at a conference between Allied leaders in April, when vital plans for the defence of the Far East were discussed.

As chief of the U.S. Army Air Corps, Gen. Brett attended an important conference with General Wavell and General Chiang Kai-shek in Chungking in December 1941. Last year he visited Britain and accompanied Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Harriman on their lease-lend mission to the U.S.S.R. He later studied air force organization in Russia. Brett has the reputation of being blunt and outspoken. In the last war he specialized in aviation.

ANDREWS of the CARIBBEAN

COMMANDER of the Caribbean area, including the highly important Panama Canal zone, Lt.-Gen. Frank M. Andrews began his career at America's famous military academy, West Point, subsequently becoming a cavalry officer. During the last war he transferred to aviation, and after the Armistice was put in charge of the airservice of American forces on the Rhine.

Known as an "airmen's airman," General Andrews has held important air command posts for the past fifteen years, and was a firm believer in fighter planes being equipped with cannon before the war made them a necessity.

In 1933 he became the first head of the G.H.Q. Air Force, at that time intended to be a concentrated striking force of all types of military aircraft. The majority of these planes were dispersed throughout America and a system of centrilization had to be devised. Andrews co-ordinated this into the first assembled air power America possessed.

MAXWELL of MIDDLE EAST

IN command of American operations in the Middle East, Maj.-General Russell Maxwell occupies one of the most vital positions of any American officer. He commands an army of American technicians whose purpose it is to supply and equip the forces of the United Nations in Egypt and the Middle East. Enormous assembly plants and repair shops designed for this end are now nearing completion in Eritrea. At Basra, at the head of the Persian Gulf, the work of engineers has brought into being highways and a railway to carry supplies to the Soviet armies in South Russia battling against powerful German forces in the fight for the Caucasus.

General Maxwell has outstanding organizing abilities and is responsible for the speed and efficiency with which these valuable supplies reach their destination. Originally an ordnance expert, he specialized in supply and economic warfare.

NIMITZ of the PACIFIC

SUCCEEDING Admiral Husband Kimmel in December 1941 as C.-in-C. of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz possesses splendid qualifications as an expert in submarine warfare. Before his promotion to the Hawaiian Command, he was Chief of the Navigation Bureau, a position which involved the assignment of Naval personnel. His present responsibilities are extremely vital, second only to those of Admiral King, C.-in-C. of the U.S. Navy.

The Japanese have found in Admiral Nimitz a shrewd and resourceful opponent—one who forestalls the enemy by the skilful dispositions of his forces operating over an extremely wide area. Large-scale reverses suffered by the Japanese—notably those of Midway Island and in the Battle of the Coral Sea—which involved considerable losses in men, ships, and aircraft, were largely the result of brilliant planning and co-ordination on the part of Admiral Nimitz.

HARTLE of NORTH IRELAND

IN November 1941 Maj.-Gen. Russell P. Hartle became a brigadier-general, and on Jan. 27, 1942, he arrived in Northern Ireland in command of the first contingent of American troops. His command is one of supreme importance, for this first detachment of men from across the Atlantic was the vanguard of the Second American Expeditionary Force to be sent to Europe, a further large contingent arriving in Northern Ireland on May 19.

Before his appointment Maj.-Gen. Hartle was commander of the 34th Infantry Division Camp at Claiborne, Louisiana, and he is among the youngest United States officers to hold the rank of major-general. He entered the Army before the last war as a second lieutenant of infantry, and subsequently spent some years as an instructor in military schools. He also attended the advanced course at America's Naval War College.

BONESTEEL of ICELAND

APPOINTED in September 1941 to command the garrison of American troops in Iceland, Maj.-Gen. Charles H. Bonesteel is a typical representative of U.S. Army tradition. From September 1941 to April 1942 he shared authority in Iceland with the British, and in April it was announced that he had been appointed to command the forces of the United Nations on the island. His job calls for an unusual degree of adaptability, for he maintains harmonious relations with the British Army and Navy, the R.A.F., Free Norwegian and Icelandic authorities.

The first contingent of American forces landed in Iceland in July 1941 to reinforce the British garrison, and one of the chief aims of Maj.-Gen. Bonesteel is to guard against attack from the Germans. The enemy covets Iceland not only as a base from which to attack Britain, but also as a menace to the North Atlantic.

BUCKNER of ALASKA

COMMANDING this vital area belonging to the U.S.A., Maj.-Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner has mainly specialized in tanks. He is considered to be one of America's leading army lecturers. In 1933 he was Commandant of the Cadet Corps at the American Military Academy of West Point, being in charge of the cadets' discipline and drill.

Alaska has become a highly important strategical territory—its area is one-fifth of that of the United States and it has an extremely long coastline, coveted by the Japanese in their designs for the mastery of the Pacific. Under Maj.-Gen. Buckner's efficient command the Alaskan defence force has developed into a fine organization, one that can be relied upon to deal with an unscrupulous enemy.

Buckner began his career at Virginia Military Institute. During the Wilson administration (1921–1921) he was military aide at the White House. His father, who bore the same names, was a famous soldier and political leader, and was Governor of Kentucky from 1887 to 1891.

Photos, Planet News, New York Times Photos, Topical Press, Associated Press

STILWELL of CHINA

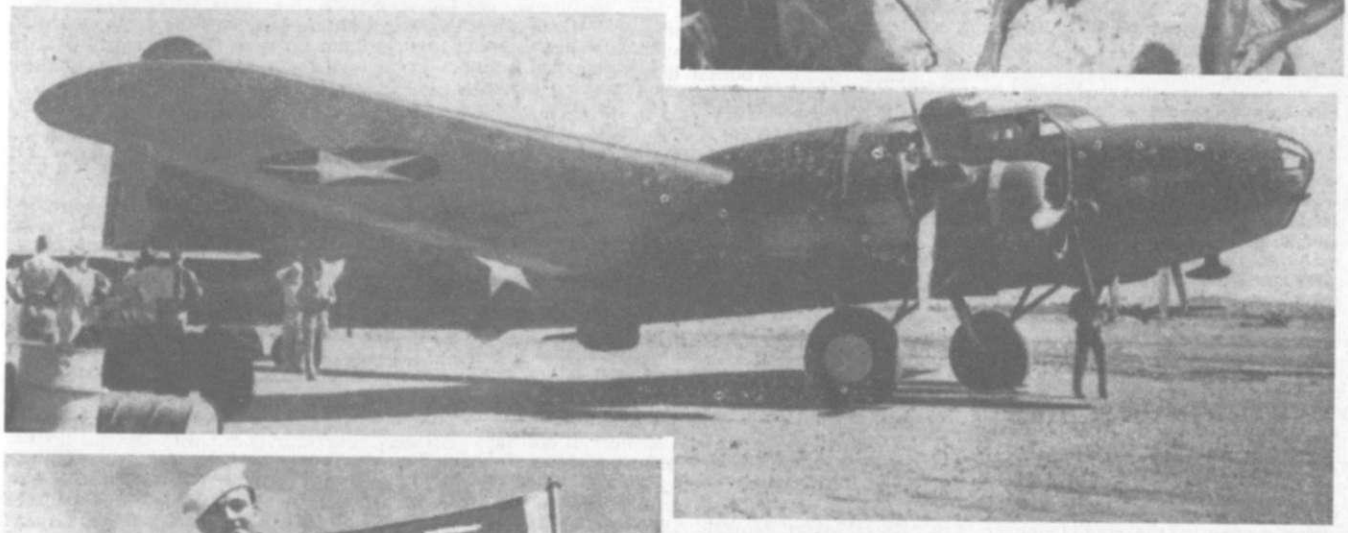
G.-O.-C. the Chinese forces in Burma, Lt.-Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell arrived in Delhi on May 24, 1942, after an adventurous trek through Central Burma to the borders of Assam. Cut off from the outside world and travelling the greater part of the way on foot, General Stilwell and his staff had many adventures in forest and jungle.

During the Japanese invasion of Burma he made it clear that the enemy had superiority in numbers and that these great forces had been stretched out over a wide area. It was largely owing to Stilwell's brilliant leadership that the Chinese armies were kept intact after the Japanese broke through into Upper Burma.

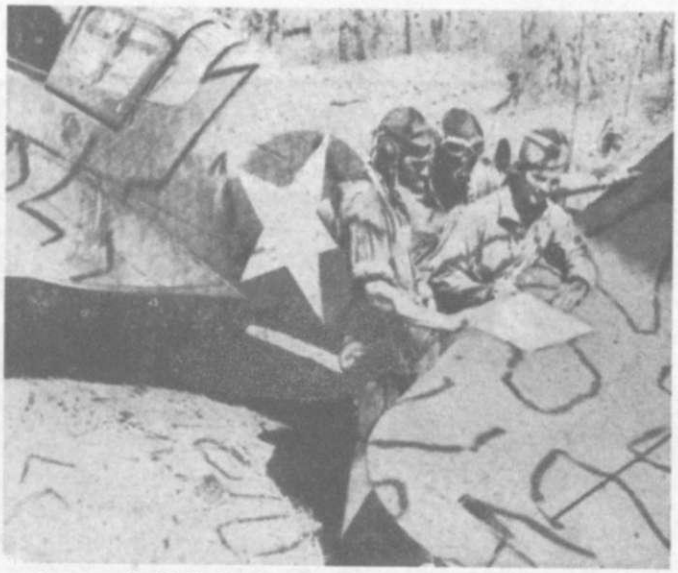
Before he assumed command of the Chinese in Burma he was Chief of Staff to Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, an appointment announced in Chungking on March 10, 1942. After the Japanese occupation of Burma he consulted with Gen. Wavell in India. At the conclusion of these consultations Gen. Stilwell returned to China.

Americans in the Australasian War Zone

NEW GUINEA natives have made friends with these U.S. soldiers at Port Moresby (above). Supervised by an American negro soldier, native Kanaka workers (right) load a U.S. Army truck "somewhere in New Caledonia."



Returning to their Australian airfield after having carried out an effective bombing raid against the Japanese in the islands to the north, the crew of this American B.17 bomber is seen leaving its plane.



SYMBOLS OF VICTORY: Each of the torpedoes beside the skull and crossbones on the "Jolly Roger" flown by this U.S. submarine (above, left) represents a Japanese ship sunk in the south-west Pacific. The crew of this submarine has been decorated for bravery. American fighter pilots in Northern Australia (right) intently study a map. They are familiarizing themselves with important details of the territory which they must cover in their flights.

Photos, Keystone, Planet News, Associated Press, Sport & General

THE HOME FRONT

by E. Royston Pike

"Is that a utility suit?" demanded an Hon. Member of the President of the Board of Trade the other day when the Commons were discussing the annual "Vote." "No, sir," replied Mr. Dalton, "because I am saving my coupons to the utmost I can. It is the better plan to expend coupons as slowly as possible having regard to the stock of clothes we possess. This suit" (he went on to the accompaniment of cheers and laughter) "was made in 1930 and really it is too thin for the British climate."

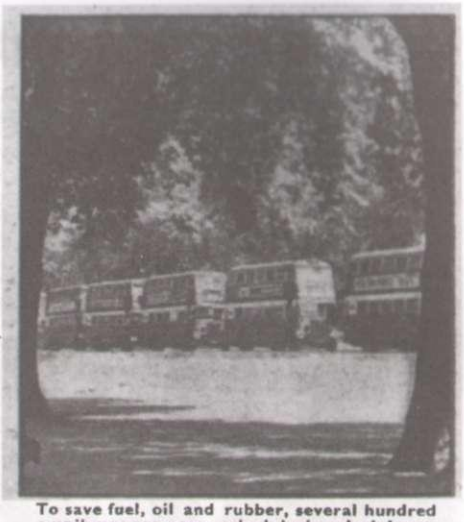
Utility clothing, Mr. Dalton averred, had been very well received, especially by women. "One lady friend of mine told me yesterday that she was wearing a utility frock and that she liked it very much." Between 70 and 80 per cent of the total civilian production is now utility clothing. Among the utility goods now in course of production are pottery, hollow ware, such as kettles, pots and pans, and umbrellas—which are standardized in two sizes and will have only eight ribs instead of sixteen as now. Utility pencils, mechanical lighters, household textiles, cutlery and suit-cases are on the way, and in the case of jewelry it is proposed to limit production to clocks and watches, identification bracelets, cuff links, studs, and plain wedding-rings. Notwithstanding the war's impetus to betrothals there are sufficient engagement-rings in stock to last for several years, so no more are to be made for the present. Leather suit-cases are not being produced: perhaps they are not necessary since a haversack can contain all that is needful for a week-end's honeymoon. Lemon-squeezers, hair curlers, and electric dry-shavers are among the miscellanea whose production is banned; and if you haven't already got a fountain-pen—well, you must write to *him* in Egypt or on the High Seas in pencil. Now it's Utility, Utility, all the time; and the Utility Home will be practically complete in the autumn when utility furniture is expected to be in the shops in substantial quantities.

From furniture to food is not too sudden a step. As the war's third year draws to its close we are naturally concerned with the maintenance of the food front. Fortunately Mr. R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, was able in his Commons review on July 28 to give a fairly favourable account of our countryside as a food factory. Farmers are playing up well to the calls made upon them. It is yet too early to forecast a result of this year's harvest, since in this matter we are always at the mercy of the weather, but we are assured that everything that man can do is being done to make it the biggest harvest ever. There has been a certain amount of waste in potatoes, and there is not much satisfaction to be derived from Mr. Hudson's statement that the Hamburgers were potatoless for ten days in early July. If the weather is reasonable, it is hoped to increase our wheat acreage by 600,000 acres; and much more land is being put down to potatoes and sugar beet. In spite of the very unfavourable spring we actually produced ten million more gallons of milk than in the best pre-war years and thirteen million gallons more than last year. Not everybody was pleased, however, at the Minister's review, and Mr. Driberg, newly-elected member for Maldon, scored a point by a parody of Goldsmith's famous lines:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where *farms* accumulate, and *crops* decay.

Meanwhile we are being urged to save bread by eating more potatoes, for the very good reason that they are grown at home while the bulk of our wheat comes from abroad and takes much-needed shipping space. Lord Woolton has provided housewives with fifty recipes for using potatoes "round the clock." He has even presided at a Ministry of Food buffet luncheon at which all of the many different dishes were composed for the most part of potatoes; he himself dined off Irish potato cakes and egg champ (made with dried egg), but some of the more stalwart guests tackled soup, cheese cookies, fish pie, scones and tarts, in all of which potatoes were a chief ingredient.

Rationing of chocolate and sweets began on Sunday, July 26, with a weekly allowance of 2 oz. per head. Some people had thought that children would receive a larger ration, but the Ministry of Food has taken the view that even for children sweets are not a necessity but a luxury. Furthermore, it is always open to parents to forgo their own ration in favour of their offspring . . . In spite of the usual eve-of-rationing rush, the country's 300,000 retail confectioners were well stocked for the beginning of this new venture in commodity control. No registration is needed, and people may buy sweets where they will on delivery of the necessary "points" cut from the personal rationing book—which made its début in this connexion.



To save fuel, oil and rubber, several hundred omnibuses are now parked during slack hours at certain points in Central London, one being along the carriage ways in Hyde Park. *Photo, Sport & General*

Still the great Salvage Drive gathers impetus. Round London the racecourses are losing their iron railings, and even the graves in our country churchyards are being stripped of their iron surrounds. For my part, I can watch them go with the completest equanimity, for I have long been of the opinion that the last resting-places of the dead should not be cluttered up with Italian marble and the products of the metal foundry, but should be places "where the wild flowers wave In the free air."

Nor (devoted booklover though I am) do I see cause for much regret in the "miles of books" which are being launched in many parts of the country under the direction of the Wardens or the ever-useful W.V.S. Agreed, it costs a pang to separate from a volume that was purchased out of the slender purse of boyhood days or was "picked up" in some distant place in the long ago; but there's consolation in the reflection that those vacant spaces on the library shelves may now be filled with an easy conscience—for books are still amongst the cheapest of life's goods, they are still unrationed or even taxed. So steel your hearts, out with the old books and add them to the literary snake crawling along the pavement—but *don't* throw away the string with which you tied the bundle. Since July 20 it has been a wartime crime to throw away string, rope and rags.

To conclude on a *colourful* note. In the House of Commons on July 23 Mr. G. Tomlinson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, referred to the "strange thing" that "though many of our girls don't object in the slightest to the risk of being blown to blazes, they *do* object to being turned yellow," and so scientists have been put to work on methods of preventing or minimizing this "facial decoration." In the next Sunday Express Mary Ferguson made it clear that the "yellow girls" are very few as compared with the last war. "In 999 cases out of a thousand," she wrote, "the girls on the 'yellow job' who put explosives into big and small bombs and into detonator caps have beautifully made-up faces. The Government has the cosmetics specially made for them, and supplies them free to every girl. The explosives workshops have beauty parlours and luxury ablution rooms." The one girl in a thousand who gets a yellow face is usually one who doesn't wash and make-up properly. "These girls, most of them young," concluded Miss Ferguson, "are heroines. They play with death all the time they work. Sometimes they lose their nerve. But for the most part they worry more about their complexions than the danger . . ." And that's not a bad facet of life in wartime Britain to finish up with.

REAPING FLAX is one of the tasks undertaken by the Women's Land Army. At this farm in Sussex a mechanical flax-puller is shown in use, while the girls accompany it up and down the field, rapidly stooking the stems. The revival of this industry is due to war conditions. *Photo, Topical*

Photo, Planet News

Marshal Timoshenko • Hero of the Soviet Union

Well does the C.-in-C. of Russia's Southern Army Group merit his membership of the Order of his country's supreme heroes. At twenty his was the lot of a wretched peasant on a Bessarabian estate; today, twenty-seven years later, it is his brilliant generalship which time and again has brought to naught the stratagems of Hitler's ablest generals.

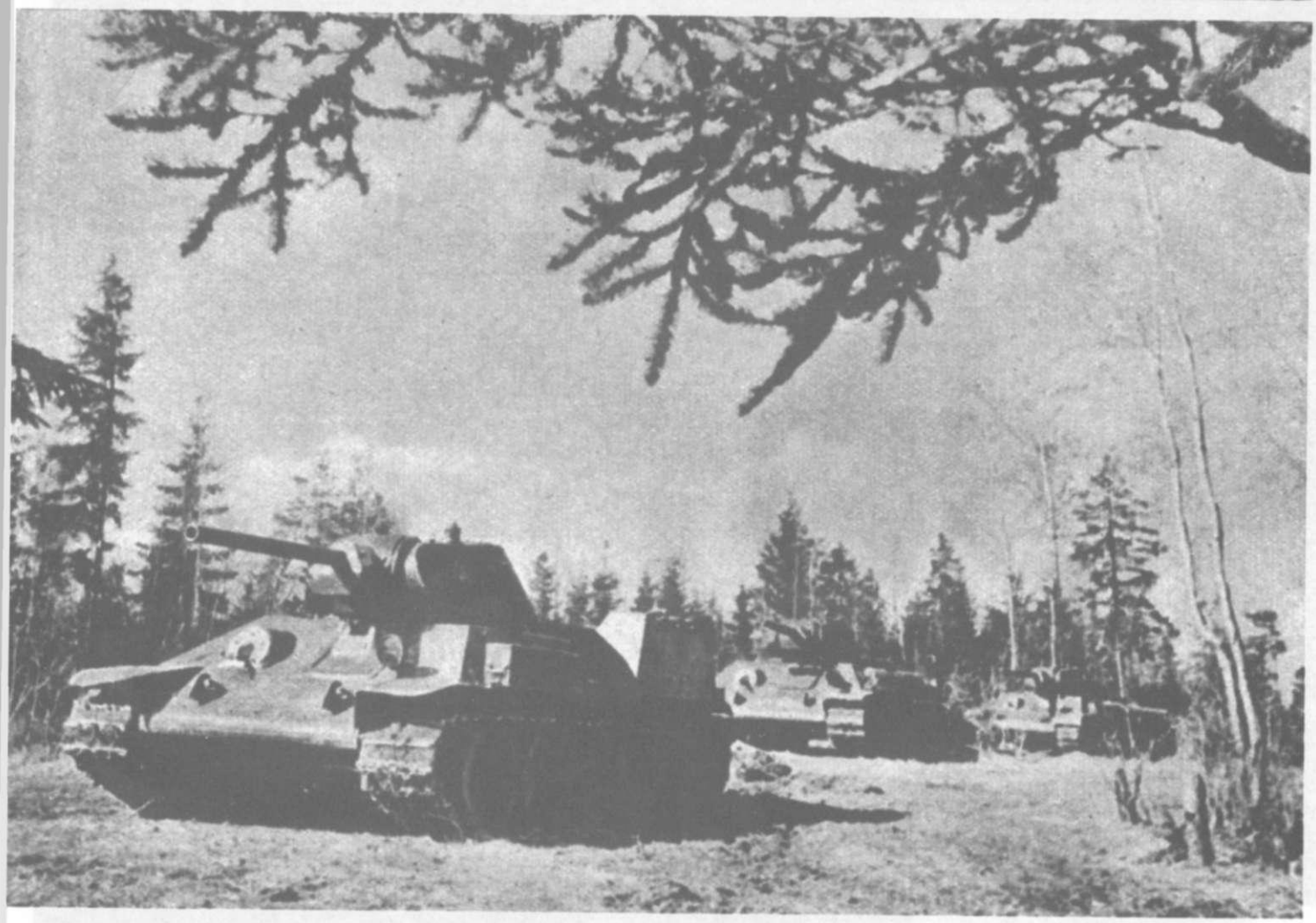
After a Year of Constant Battle

With desperate bravery the Russian rearguards fight to hold up the German advance. 1. Red Army infantry crossing a pontoon-bridge. 2. Radioed photograph showing Soviet soldiers advancing to dislodge the enemy from a village in the Crimea. 3. Red Army scouts engaged on a river reconnaissance. 4. Some of Timoshenko's reserves passing through Moscow.

Photos, U.S. & Official; Plat; Vnes

On the Red Army's 1,000-Mile Front

Across the Russian countryside roars a German tank: a few seconds more and it will be halted by the Russian marksman aiming his anti-tank rifle from behind a wall (5). Soon the crew will be prisoners, marched (like those in 6 above) to the rear of the Russian lines. 7. A Red Army dispatch-rider hands over his dispatch near Voronezh.



Once Again the Cossacks Ride to War

Photos, U.S.S.R. Official; Planet News

For hundreds of years the fame of Russia's Cossacks has gone out to all the world. Today the Cossacks ride again, to victory or death; but those shown here (top) wear steel helmets instead of their traditional round caps, and are armed not with silver-handled sabres but with sub-machine-guns. Below, a glimpse of Russian cavalry of another kind.

Rommel: The Man and the Myth

"If Rommel had been in the British Army," runs an oft-repeated quip, "he would still be a sergeant." But, as this article tells, it is quite wrong to suppose that Rommel is a "ranker" in the ordinary sense of the word. In fact, he is—well, here the "authorities" differ.

WHO *is* Rommel? Today he has his feet on the shifting sands of Egypt; he has booked for himself a place in history as the general who defeated Wavell, who stormed Tobruk, who smashed Auchinleck's armour and drove the remnants of the Eighth Army out of Libya. But when the historians come to write up his career they are going to have a hard job determining and disentangling the events of his earlier years. So much of Rommel's past is the subject of dispute—but the deficiencies and discrepancies are no brake upon the exuberant fancy of Dr. Goebbels' professional liars, busily constructing their pretty little myth about the "unbeatable general."

Up to now no one has produced Erwin Rommel's birth certificate, but he is presumed to have been born fifty years ago, in 1892. He seems to have sprung from lower middle-class stock, but what his father was—well, you can take your choice between a Bavarian workman, a butcher, a bricklayer, a professor of mathematics at Munich University, and a schoolmaster at Heidesheim in Württemberg. After education at a technical college (so it is said) young Rommel entered the Kaiser's army in 1910; this seems to be more or less agreed, but whereas according to one account he served in the ranks, according to another, and perhaps more probable, he was gazetted as a second lieutenant in the 124th Regiment of Infantry. At the outbreak of war in 1914 he was, or became, adjutant in an artillery regiment, and he was still only a lieutenant when in 1917 at Caporetto he bluffed a considerable Italian force into surrender. It was a bloodless victory, but the young subaltern's daring and resource were brought to the notice of the German High Command, and he was awarded the *Pour le Mérite*, the V.C. of Imperial Germany (as indeed it is of Hitler's Germany, too).

AFTER the collapse of 1918 Rommel left the Army and for a time was a student at Tübingen University. Two or three years later he contacted in some way or another Hitler's organization of Brownshirts, and in 1921, as an S.A. leader in Thuringia, he led a march on the Bavarian town of Koburg. The raid was the first of its kind, but it was marked by many of the features which soon became all too familiar: people were beaten up in the streets, the local police were temporarily overwhelmed, and for a few hours the Brownshirts were in control of the town—long enough for Adolf Hitler, then hardly notorious as a demagogue of the Munich beer-cellars, to take the salute as they marched past and to deliver one of his half-mystical, half-maniacal harangues. Then, the police having been reinforced, the Brownshirts dissolved into the crowd. But they had made history, and their leader was the young ex-officer with the black and silver ribbon on his breast.

After this brief emergence Rommel retired again into obscurity. Presumably he retained his membership of the Nazi party, but he was certainly not one of their recognized leaders; if he had been, he might have been shot with Roehm and his comrades in the bloody purge of June 1934. Not long after Hitler's rise to power Rommel returned to the Army, but another four or five years had to pass before his star was in the ascendant. Then, when Hitler was making his triumphal entry into the Sudetenland after Munich, something reminded him of the man who had captained that first of so many marches. Col. Rommel was put in charge of the Fuehrer's personal headquarters, and as such accompanied him to Poland.

FIELD-MARSHAL ROMMEL directing operations in the Western Desert, where his brilliant tactics, combined with superior forces, constituted a serious menace to the British positions in Egypt.
Photo, Sport & General

Shortly before Hitler's onslaught on the countries of the West, Rommel was given command of a Panzer division in France with the rank of lieutenant-general. It was an opportunity that he was quick to seize. His tanks—so it is said—were those which made the first dent in the French line at Sedan, and when the dent became a bulge and then a gap, they swept through and ranged far and wide behind the Maginot Line: they were reported in action on the Somme, at Cherbourg, and finally not far from Bordeaux. Knowing what we now know of Rommel, we can imagine the happy zest with which he harried the fleeing remnants of a broken and largely demoralized foe.

Even before Rommel left France for Africa, the Nazi propagandists were doing their best to boost his reputation. It was claimed that he displayed a "veritable genius for leadership." His success at Sedan, creditable as it may well have been, was magnified out of all proportion: after all, the Germans had the advantage of long and careful preparation and of highly-trained and superbly-equipped divisions, while they were pitted against opponents whose arms were insufficient, whose leadership was contemptible, and whose movements were fatally hampered by a vast, uncontrollable flood of refugees. Even less evidence of military genius is afforded by that summer-time excursion across the smiling plains of central France. It was spectacular, yes; it was victory, victory all the way—but a conqueror's prowess is not to be dissociated from the quality of his foe.

WHY then does Dr. Joseph boost Rommel to the skies, while "soft-pedalling" von Bock and von Leeb, Weichs, Kleist, and the rest of the topmost flight of Germany's warrior chiefs, whose military achievements have been far more impressive, far more momentous, than any which even the most extravagant propaganda can ascribe to Rommel? Surely the answer is not far to seek. Bock, Leeb and Company belong to the professionals, they are "old school tie" men. They are Nazis, it is true, but they are Nazis from a sense of opportunism rather than persuasion; they support Hitler, they flatter him, they bow to his wishes (sometimes)—but the good Nazis may well suspect that if fortune should change the generals would put a bullet in the Fuehrer with never a moment's hesitation.

Unlike Hindenburg - Ludendorff in the last war, Rommel is not a typical product of the German general staff tradition. He is a typical S.A. tough; he is almost the only Army leader of high rank who has graduated from the ranks of the Party. As the Münchener Neusten-Nachtrichten put it in an article not long ago, "General Rommel, who, as an old S.A. leader in Thuringia, derived his National Socialist ideology from direct personal relationship with the Fuehrer, is essentially the warrior type of the New Germany; in him are embodied its core of dogma, the untiring drive of the New Reich."

That is one reason for Doctor Goebbels' boostings. There is also a second. To quote from Die Zeitung, the German newspaper published in London, "The propaganda on behalf of the alleged genius is well calculated. It is intended to create the impression inside and outside Germany that nothing and nobody can withstand the new Marshal. It is a kind of Hindenburg-Ludendorff fabricated myth (*ersatz-mythos*)."

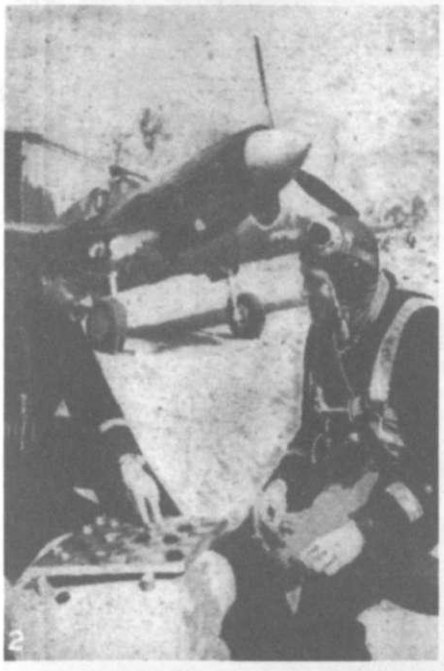
For our part we must, and do, admit that the Marshal and his Afrika Korps have done great things; we are not inclined to belittle in the least their successes on the African battlefield. But we must not "fall for" this latest of the Nazi myths. That myth of the last war, the Hindenburg-Ludendorff combination, seemed for months and years to bear all the marks of invincibility. Then came August 8, 1918. Rommel's myth, too, is *ersatz*.

What the Germans Found in Sevastopol

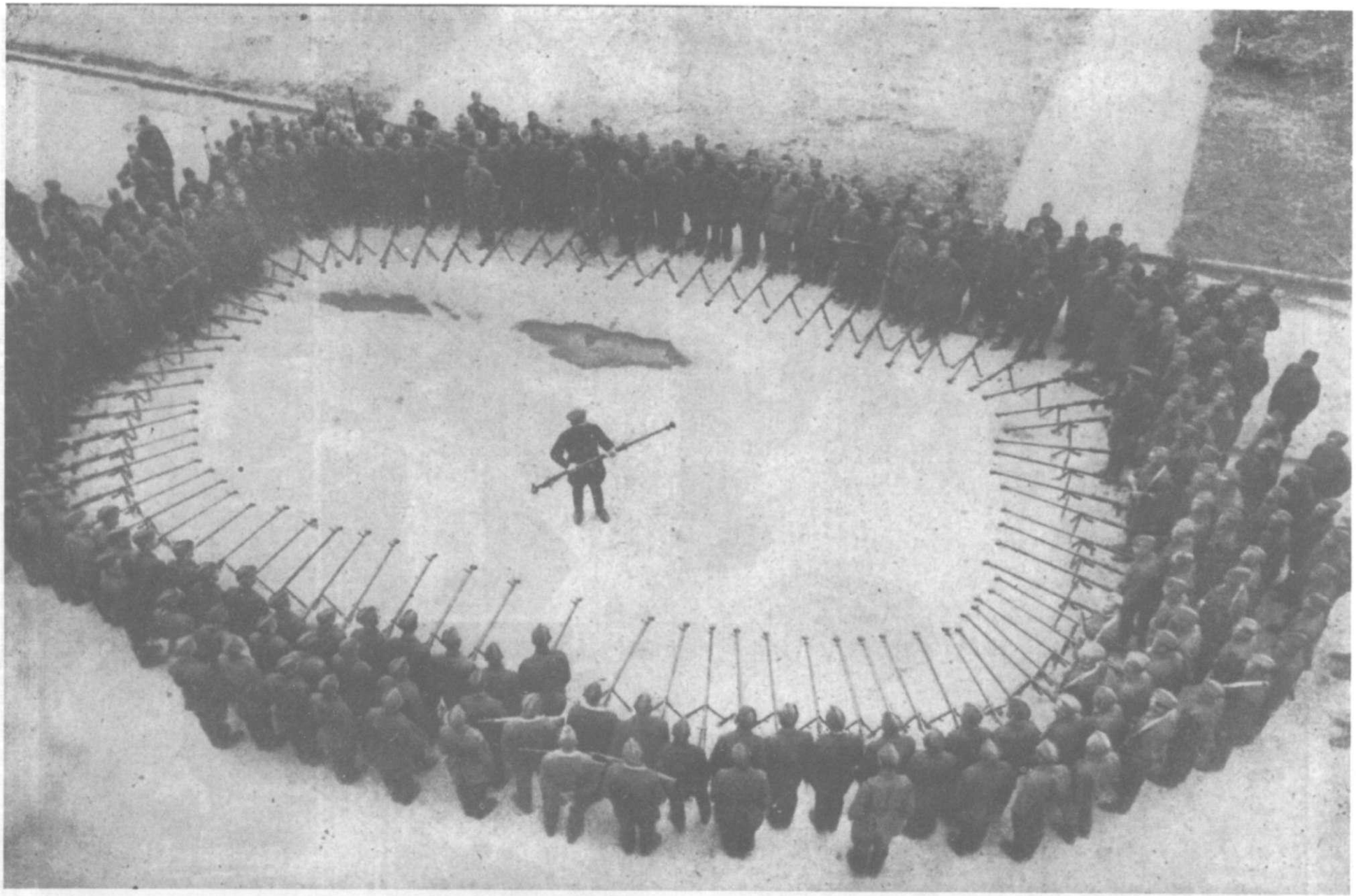
SEVASTOPOL IS IN GERMAN HANDS after an heroic defence of eight months. These photographs afford some indication of the bitter character of the struggle. Top left, German labourers start clearing up the debris ; right, part of the ruined city, with smoke rising from scores of smouldering buildings in the distance. Below, aerial view showing how the overwhelming superiority of the Luftwaffe laid waste the fortress-city.

Photos, Associated Press, Keystone

'Kamerad!' A Pocket of Nazis Surrenders



ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT. 1. German soldiers in a south-western battle area surrender to a Russian tank. 2. Two fighter pilots attached to the Soviet Northern Fleet, the naval force guarding the Barents Sea communications, enjoy a game of draughts between operations. The aircraft in the background is a U.S. Curtiss Kittyhawk fighter. 3. German soldiers, apprehensive of snipers, skirt a building fired by the Russians in the Donetz sector. 4. Artillery observers of the Red Army correcting the fire of their batteries. *Photos, U.S.S.R. Official; Planet News, Keystone*



THE RED ARMY'S NEW ANTI-TANK GUN is here being demonstrated to a large class of officers and men at a reserve training camp behind the Russian battle front. In use this gun is supported on a low stand, the two legs of which fold back when the weapon is being carried, as will be seen in the illustration at the bottom of page 144, where also the muzzle is shown protected by a small piece of sacking. The long barrel increases the velocity of the hard-cored armour-piercing bullet. Each gun is manned by a crew of two.

Photo, Planet News

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

ACTIVITY in the English Channel and North Sea, commented on in page 118, has by no means abated. In the early hours of July 21 a small patrol of our light coastal craft under Lieut. H. P. Cobb, R.N.V.R. (aged 29), was in action with a superior enemy force engaged in escorting a supply ship up Channel. Despite the odds, our boats at once attacked, setting on fire an armed trawler and hitting various other vessels heavily, including the supply ship. Though one of our units, a motor gunboat, was set on fire and became a total loss, the enemy turned back to the westward and sought shelter in harbour.

To make the utmost out of the fact that for once we had lost a vessel, the Germans issued a distorted account of the action in in which it was alleged that four British motor torpedo-boats were sunk as well as the motor gunboat. Incidentally, it was mentioned that the enemy force was commanded by Lieut.-Cdr. Wunderlich—which in German means "strange." He is certainly responsible for a strange story!

Five nights later another patrol, under Lieut. R. G. L. Pennell, R.N., intercepted two enemy trawlers, armed with high-angle guns, off the French coast. One of the trawlers was left sinking and the other was severely damaged. We sustained two minor casualties and some slight superficial damage.

Early on July 28 two more trawlers were caught by one of our patrols off Cherbourg, one being sunk and the other heavily damaged. Again there was no serious damage and only two casualties on our side.

NEXT, on the night of July 30-31, there were no fewer than three brushes in the Channel and North Sea, evidence of the keen eye kept on enemy movements by our patrols. Off Ymuiden, Holland, five armed trawlers were encountered by light coastal craft under Lieut. E. M. Thorpe, R.N., and engaged for ten minutes. In this time one of the enemy vessels was set on fire, but the action had then to be broken off, as one of our craft was disabled and had to be taken in tow and brought back to the base.

Less than an hour later the same enemy force was attacked by another of our patrols, under Lieut.-Cdr. N. H. Hughes, R.N.V.R., with the result that further damage and casualties were inflicted. The trawler previously set on fire was again hit, and the blaze increased to such proportions that there is little doubt she became a total loss. Only daylight obliged us to discontinue the fight. Though attacked repeatedly by enemy aircraft and shore batteries, our patrol suffered neither damage nor casualties.

Meanwhile, in the Channel, three enemy ships believed to be either seagoing torpedo-boats of 600 tons or minesweepers of similar size and appearance, accompanied by smaller craft of the motor gunboat type, were attacked by a patrol of our light coastal craft under Lieut. G. D. K. Richards, R.N. Unfortunately the action was too brief for much to be accomplished, but the enemy certainly received a number of hits, while we suffered neither casualties nor damage.

A FULL account has now been released of the Arctic convoy action, lasting for over four days at the end of April and beginning of May, in which four commanding officers won the D.S.O. These were Commander M. Richmond, H.M.S. Bulldog; Commander R. C. Medley, H.M.S. Beagle; Lieut.-Commander N. E. G. Roper, H.M.S. Amazon; and Lieut.-Commander John Grant, H.M.S. Beverley. All these ships are destroyers, the last-named being one of those transferred from the United States Navy in September 1940.

As one of the two convoys involved was skirting a large patch of drift ice, three enemy destroyers of over 1,800 tons were sighted, all faster and more powerfully armed than the British vessels. The Bulldog at once led her consorts to the attack, fire being opened at 10,000 yards range in poor visibility conditions owing to snow squalls. Though the Amazon was hit, suffering casualties and damage, she remained in the line and continued to fire, and the enemy were forced to retire.

Half an hour later the German destroyers were sighted again, but retired as before on being attacked. Meanwhile the convoy had entered the ice pack, and in order to maintain touch the escort had to follow suit. A third attempt to break through was made by the enemy an hour afterwards, but was not persisted in after the British escort vessels had opened fire. Another attack came in another hour, but this time the German fire was neither so accurate nor so intense, evidence of the damage sustained from our shells. Only one of the enemy destroyers seemed able to fire full salvos at the finish. Therefore when the fifth and final engagement began within half an hour, it lasted only ten minutes before the enemy retreated.

During these same operations we lost a 10,000-ton cruiser, H.M.S. Edinburgh. She was completed shortly before the outbreak of war, and was armed with twelve 6-in. and twelve 4-in. guns, and had a speed of over 32 knots. Her steering gear having been disabled by a torpedo attack from a U-boat on April 30, the destroyers Foresight and Forester and two Soviet destroyers came to her aid. An effort by the Forester to tow the cruiser proved abortive owing to the heavy sea running, so for about 16 hours the Foresight was taken in tow by the Edinburgh.

H.M.S. FORESTER, a destroyer which did heroic work in the action described in this page. Forced to stop by a hit in the boiler-room, which also killed her commanding officer, she continued to engage the enemy and finally got under way again. *Photo, Wright & Logan*

For 23 hours every effort was made by the engine-room staff to keep a correct course by the use of the engines, the number of different engine orders which had to be given in a single watch being as many as 64. Various attacks were made by U-boats, but all were frustrated by the Forester and Foresight, the two Soviet destroyers having returned to port. On the afternoon of May 1 another Soviet destroyer arrived with a tug, and the minesweepers Harrier, Niger, Gossamer and Hussar joined company. So heavy were the seas that the tug could not keep the Edinburgh on her course unaided, so the Gossamer was taken in tow by the cruiser to assist in steering.

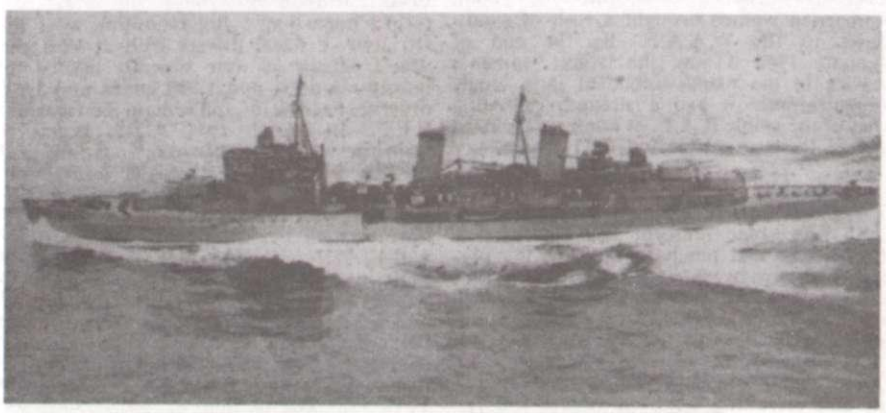
Early next morning three large enemy destroyers appeared about four miles off, and were engaged by Harrier and Hussar. The Foresight and Forester did their best to close the range, and there was an intermittent running fight.

H.M.S. Forester was stopped by a shell in her boiler room. H.M.S. Foresight did her best to draw the enemy's fire upon herself, and hit one of the enemy ships so severely that she stopped.

Finally the enemy destroyers fired a salvo of torpedoes, one of which unfortunately struck the Edinburgh, rendering her completely unmanageable. The Hussar promptly laid a smoke screen to cover her, while the Harrier and Gossamer ran alongside, and, in spite of heavy seas, took on board all the cruiser's personnel except the guns' crews.

Both the Forester and Foresight continued in action, and although the latter was also hit and disabled for a time, the enemy had had enough and retired. When they reappeared, the Foresight scored a hit on the enemy destroyer which had stopped, causing a terrific explosion. When the smoke cleared she could no longer be seen. Soon afterwards there was a heavy explosion in another of the German ships, which then abandoned the fight.

Unfortunately the Edinburgh was so badly damaged that we had to sink her ourselves.



H.M.S. EDINBURGH, a cruiser of 10,000 tons, was torpedoed by a U-boat on April 30, 1942, while acting as part of the escort of a North Russian convoy, and her steering gear was disabled. Two days later, after a second torpedo attack, she had to be sunk by our own forces.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Women's War Work and How It's Paid

In this war to an even greater extent than in the last, women are playing a great and increasing part : indeed, they are almost everywhere save in the actual fighting line. This is the first of three articles on the subject by IRENE CLEPHANE; it is concerned with women in the Services.

WOMEN began to train for service with the forces of the Crown before war began. The formation of the Auxiliary Territorial Service for women, on a basis similar to that of the Territorial Army, was announced in September 1938, shortly after Munich ; and in July 1939 the King approved the formation of a separate women's service under a woman to be called the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, which would take over certain duties with the Royal Air Force in time of war, duties that had previously been allocated to the A.T.S. ; at the same time the War Office appointed a woman Director of the A.T.S., whose strength was then 912 officers and 16,547 members. The Women's Royal Naval Service, known as the Wrens, was founded during the war of 1914–18 and re-formed on the outbreak of the present war.

Wrens are employed on shore service only, on work that will release men for duty afloat. Their duties range from cooking to driving lorries at night, and include ciphering, de-coding, and other confidential work. They do just enough drill to enable them to make a smart appearance on parade—not difficult to achieve in their neat navy blue uniform with the attractive little cap for rank and file, the three-cornered hat of old style naval pattern for officers.

Wrens may be either "mobile" or "immobile," the first being willing to move to any point where their services are required and receiving 4d. to 1s. a day more than the second, who are stationed at the point of enlistment—usually their home town, for many of the women in the Wrens are born on the coast, and often have long-standing family associations with the Navy.

BY August 1940 some 7,000 Wrens were serving, and a call for a further 600–700 recruits a month went out, wanted mainly as cooks, but also as wireless operators, clerks, and stewards. For the first time the Admiralty allowed women to be admitted to the Royal Naval Cookery Schools at Portsmouth, Devonport, Rosyth, and Chatham ; and candidates were accepted up to the age of 49 if they had had previous experience. Though Wrens work ashore only, a wide field of experience is open to them : by December 1941 (when their numbers had risen to 20,000) they were serving not only in the big home ports, where one of their duties was to plot the Battle of the Atlantic, but also in the Orkneys and the Outer Hebrides, Gibraltar and Singapore.

W.R.N.S. DISPATCH RIDER hands a message to the Officer of the Day of a destroyer returned from patrol duty. Girls who enter this branch of the Service must have experience of motor-cycling and running repairs.
Photo, British Official

Rank in the Wrens runs on parallel lines with that of men of the Royal Navy, from Superintendent, which equals Commander, to Wren, which equals A.B. Pay in the ranks ranges from 1s. 4d. to 3s. 8d. a day, plus board, lodging and clothing.

Helping the Men Who Fly

IMMEDIATELY war started the W.A.A.F. sent out a call which met with a ready response for cooks, mess orderlies, equipment assistants, motor-transport drivers, clerks, telephone and teleprinter operators, and fabric workers—either trained or willing to train. Pay for an airwoman begins at 1s. 4d. a day (plus a wartime allowance of 4d. a day), with increases for proficiency in a trade and for length of service. Junior officers receive 7s. 4d. a day, senior officers £1 2s. 4d. In all cases board and lodging are found, and the airwomen receive clothing as well.

The first 8,000 members of the W.A.A.F. had nearly completed their training by the end of 1939, but recruits continued to be called for, and to come in. In May 1940 a special call was made for cooks, kitchen hands, seamstresses and upholsterers (as balloon fabric workers), and for candidates for special confidential duties. The need for cooks was so great that the minimum height was reduced in July 1940 from 5 ft. 2 in. to 4 ft. 10 in.

The duties undertaken by airwomen were constantly extended. In September 1940 a new school was opened to train them as code and cipher officers ; in April 1941 they began to train to take the places of men on barrage balloon stations ; and in October 1941, owing to a shortage of suitable men, W.A.A.F. officers began to be appointed to act as assistant adjutants in mixed units : they were empowered to give orders and make decisions affecting men as well as women, but were not allowed to administer disciplinary action over airmen, or to command units composed entirely of men.

The Government decision in December 1941 to introduce conscription of young unmarried women brought a rush of candidates to the W.A.A.F. By the end of January 1942 it was the largest women's service in the world embodied in a single organization : it had a strength exceeding that of the whole R.A.F. at home and abroad before the war. It included 51 trades.

The Women in Khaki

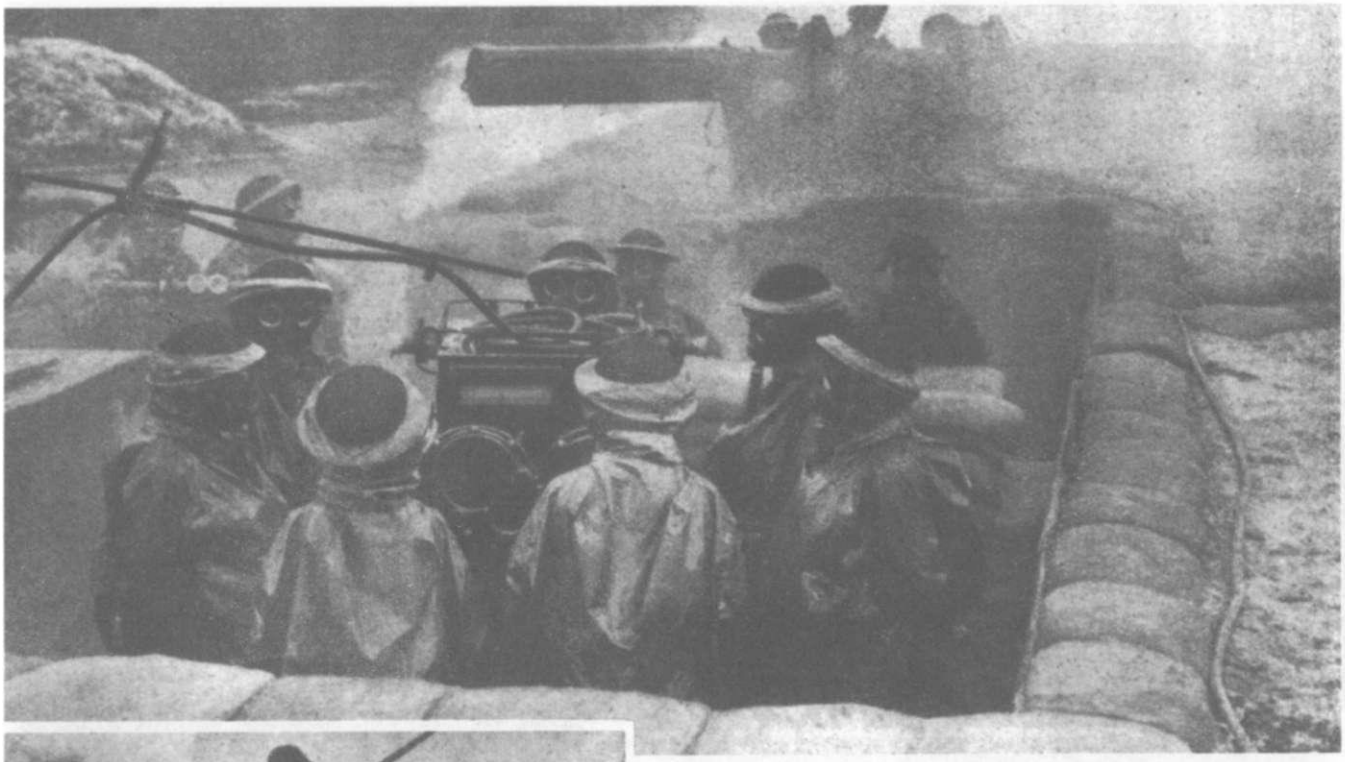
UNDOUBTEDLY the attractiveness of the Air Force blue uniform and the feats of the R.A.F. had much to do with the partiality shown by recruits for the W.A.A.F. as against the A.T.S., the conditions in which came in for a good deal of criticism. But in the early days of the war service in the A.T.S. was popular enough. By October 14, 1939, 20,000 women were already serving in it, and recruiting went on with the object of doubling that number. Clerks, draughtswomen, drivers for light vans and cars, cooks, storewomen, switchboard operators, teleprinter operators, and orderlies were all wanted. Married as well as single women were asked to enrol, and if their husbands were serving they were allowed to continue to receive their marriage allowances.

A.T.S. POLICEWOMEN serving in the South-Eastern Command, examine the papers of a woman driver of a military car.
Photo, Fox

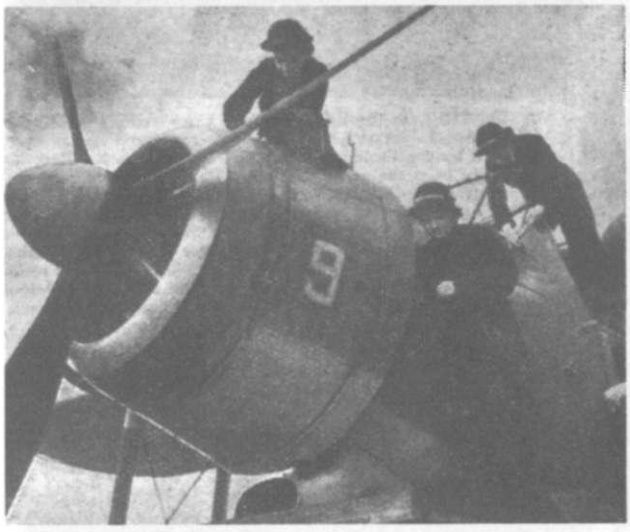
A.T.S. recruits were paid 1s. 4d. a day (later increased by 4d. a day wartime pay), rising as they passed their tests. There was no allowance for dependants, however ; indeed, it was specifically stated at that time that "those who have to provide for dependants should seek other means of service" ! This attitude of the authorities changed as the need for women grew more pressing : in January 1940 allowances for dependants of women in all the forces were introduced, based on the contribution the serving women had been in the habit of making in civil life. They range from 7s. 6d. to 25s. a week, of which amount members have to contribute from 8d. to 1s. 9d. a day according to their rate of pay.

BY April 1940 A.T.S. units were established in France at the base ports and in the lines of communication areas. They were lodged in hostels or billets and lived under a semi-military code under which they were not allowed to leave their quarters except in pairs. With the withdrawal of the British army from France, the A.T.S. returned home too. But recruiting went on. On June 4, 5,000 drivers with at least one year's experience were urgently needed for immediate duty, and 1,000 cooks and 1,000 orderlies to cook for and wait on the returning B.E.F. In March 1941 A.T.S. began to train for work on anti-aircraft stations ; six months later the first mixed anti-aircraft battery was in action near London. A.T.S., it was found, proved the equals of men in operating all the intricate apparatus of an anti-aircraft post, but they do not handle the guns. The average age of the men and women in these mixed posts is about 20, and both men and women wear ordinary battledress. The women do shorter periods of duty than the men. A mixed battery got its first German aeroplane early in November 1941. An A.T.S. military police unit was formed in January 1942, and went on duty in the streets of London for the first time on February 10. Their work is intended to be advisory rather than disciplinary.

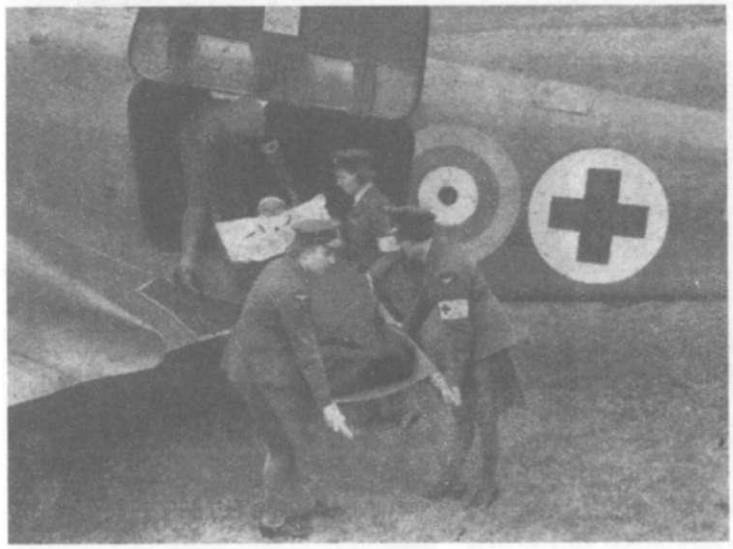
Here Are the ATS, the WAAF and the WRNS



A.T.S. GIRLS who "man" the predictors and range-finders are seen receiving instruction during a practice gas smoke attack at one of London's gun emplacements. The instructor is Sergeant Minnie Cropley.



FLEET AIR ARM WRENS at work on an aircraft. This section of the Service has become very skilled at performing intricate maintenance jobs such as acetylene welding, dope spraying, and so on.



VARIED WORK OF THE W.A.A.F. Left, loading a stretcher case into a hospital plane. Above, young amazons of the Balloon Barrage steady their charge while it is being made fast.

Photos, Daily Mirror, New York Times Photos, Associated Press, Sport & General

The Germans Fortify the Channel Islands

ATTACHED to the English Crown since 1066, the Channel Islands—Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark—were occupied by the Germans at the end of June 1940. Recently they have been the scene of intense Nazi preparations against surprise raids by British Commando troops. German soldiers are seen above digging positions for new anti-aircraft batteries. Troops are busily engaged in clearing a site for the construction of an aerodrome (centre). Barbed-wire defences are being strengthened outside a village which was once a holiday resort (bottom left). Men of the German army of occupation (below) on field exercises. *Photos, Keystone*

From the Battlefield to the Hospital Ward

RED CROSS ambulances are regarded as legitimate targets by the enemy. An R.A.M.C. convoy was attacked by the Nazis in the Western Desert, and one of the ambulances was set on fire. The driver, though wounded, escaped, and is seen above being helped by his comrades. Stretcher bearers, below, carry the wounded through the dust and smoke of the Libyan battlefield.

This R.A.M.C. officer removes the fuse from a hand grenade brought in by a wounded man at a field dressing station in the Western Desert.

NURSED BACK TO HEALTH, these men learn to forget the horrors of the battlefield. The wounded soldier (left) walks on a pair of crutches which were made by the two boys at a country school to which they had been evacuated. Visiting the wounded every week, this Red Cross librarian (above) holds out a thriller. *Photos, British Official; Daily Mirror*

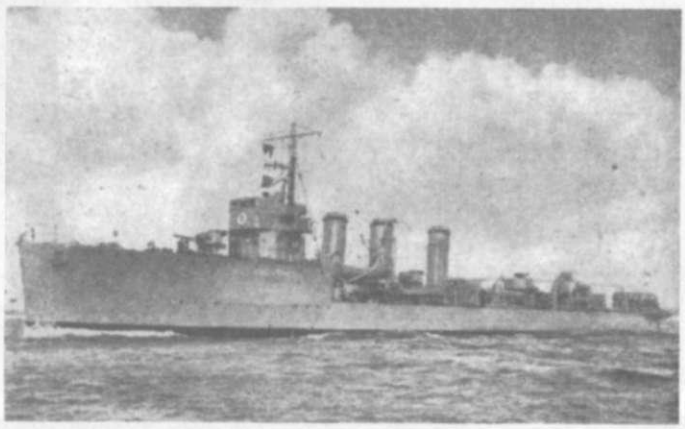
'On the Record' By Our Roving Camera

PRE-FABRICATED HUTS (right), comprising three dormitories, canteen, store, and two offices, were erected in sixteen days by a flying squad of 35 men. The purpose of these mobile builders is to reduce the delay between the date on which tenders are invited for constructional work and the actual start of operations by the contractor. In the foreground are three of the mobile vans, lettered "Ministry of Works Flying Squad," in which the men sleep.

Belgian Independence Day, celebrated on July 21, was memorable for a parade of Belgian Forces in Britain at Chelsea Barracks, London. M. Gutt, Belgian Defence Minister (below), is seen inspecting Belgian parachute troops during the ceremony.

H.M.S. SKATE (below), Britain's oldest destroyer, recently celebrated her silver jubilee in active service. Built in 1917, she is the last surviving ship of the "Admiralty R" class, and is the only three-funnelled destroyer in the Royal Navy. The Skate is one of the guardians of the convoys which run from a northern port, and her 25th birthday was spent at sea. During the past year she missed only one convoy, and she has travelled many thousands of miles during her gallant vigil of the seas.

Photos, Topical Press, Associated Press, Wright & Logan, Planet News



THE MITCHELL FAMILY were decorated by the King for having courageously carried on their work during bombardment and air attacks on their farm at Dover. Undeterred by repeated enemy raids, they went about their work of farming close to what has been nicknamed Hellfire Corner. Mr. Gilbert Mitchell (centre) received the George Medal. His wife, Mrs. Kathleen Mitchell (left), and her sister, Miss Grace Harrison, who is in the Women's Land Army, were each awarded the British Empire Medal.

ADMIRAL LEAHY (left), appointed by President Roosevelt on June 21 Chief of Staff of all the U.S. Armed Forces, succeeded Mr. W. Bullitt as American Ambassador to the Vichy Government in Jan. 1941, but was recalled after Laval's reinstatement.

President Roosevelt's Lease-Lend Administrator, Mr. Edward R. Stettinius, above, arrived in London in July. During his visit he conferred with the Prime Minister, Lord Woolton, and other Ministers, and made a tour of the country.

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Saw the Indians Go into Action in Libya

This thrilling eye witness account of two days' fighting in the Libyan desert was given to a special correspondent of The Daily Telegraph by Capt. M. L. Katju, an observer in the Indian Army.

ON the night of June 4 the Indian Infantry Brigade formed up for an attack on the Germans east of Bir el Tamar. The moon was late; the night chill. A great quiet hung over the desert. A few tanks took their station ahead followed by Bren gun carriers. Farther behind were the lorry-borne infantry. The men wore their great-coats and slept under the trucks while they waited.

At 2.50 the night exploded with the shock of many guns. The earth rocked. Men shed their greatcoats and sprang into the trucks. Their hour for action had come.

Without much opposition we reached our objective. Our success flare went up. Four minutes later the Scottish battalion, which had shared in the van of our attack, put up the same signal. The position was won.

As the opal light in the east thickened, the enemy ranged on us with black smoke and shrapnel. In front our tanks moved in and out, sparring and probing the enemy's strength. Behind our guns came up, lunging into close support. At the first clear light they opened fire. Our tanks, their job done, lurched back through our lines. On the out-skirts of our position figures scurried from black masses which exploded with shattering roars. Our sappers were blowing up the enemy tanks. They destroyed six.

The morning sun saw the hot dust masses cut by flashes. Before noon tanks began to press on the Scottish battalion. Our 25-pounders had no time to dig in, and the gunners began to suffer. An R.A.S.C. driver awaiting orders told me of his wife and daughters. "It's a fair twist, sir, having a home and kids and having to come to fight in this God-forsaken place. It's hardly worth having them," he said.

A heavy shell crumped overhead. A faint streak of blood showed on the driver's lip and chin. I saw him grow pale. "It's the end for me, sir," he said. Slowly he sank down, dying before the doctor could reach him.

Throughout that burning, breathless day the guns fought the tanks that milled restlessly around the horizon, awaiting a chance to close in to their butcher's work. Towards evening there was a lull.

'Proud Men, and Unafraid'

In the darkness I walked amidst the Indian infantry. They sat over their tea, chatting quietly. At any small jest, a dozen sets of white teeth gleamed. They were proud men, and unafraid.

Then in an instant the earth rocked and split. Shells screamed, to burst behind; the blast of other shells too close to be heard struck our faces. Our 25-pounders instantly roared their reply with sharp crashes. The enemy pounded our guns. The gun teams, the men stripped to their waists, disappeared in mountains of sand.

In front, dust clouds that sheltered the enemy tanks crept closer. Restlessly moving in and out they awaited the death of our guns before they dared to close in on our infantry. One by one salvos of shells fell on our 25-pounders, leaving them askew, with figures strewn about. Officers ran up and crouched, solitary figures, loading and firing. Then the one undamaged gun was driven off. Our infantry were alone. Dust clouds edged up. Machine-gun bullets began to kick around, puffing up spurts of sand.

The doctor and I found a serviceable vehicle, loaded it with a small party of wounded and drove off to battalion H.Q.

Sighting a tank surrounded by British soldiers, we shouted with joy and drove furiously. Drawing near we noticed the men around the tank waving us away. We were within 20 yards before realizing that the men were prisoners and the tank a German one. We swerved and drove off.

We were within a hundred yards of the tank when its cannon and machine-guns opened fire on us. A cannon shell hit the rear of the truck—sparks flew out. Then the sergeant beside me slumped to the floor. He had been killed instantly.

The driver shouted, "The doctor's hit." That fine, brave man had been shot through the chest. In the next instant he was hit again. "Don't mind me, I'm finished. You must get out," he said. Tracer shells were coming from both sides. A tire blew off. We swerved and raced on.

Suddenly the shooting stopped. We drew into an open space, with no dust clouds. Lifting out several of the dead, we tied up the wounded, and a truck bore down on us. The doctor of another Indian regiment climbed out. He adjusted the bandages and told us to drive on.

A truck arrived filled with Indian soldiers under the command of a jemadar. He asked for the battalion. We told him his battalion had been engaged, and we feared overrun, and that they need not go forward. The jemadar shook his head. He had his orders to come and fight. He drove off to battle. British vehicles began to turn up. Soon we saw tanks lunging forward.

Carrying rifle with fixed bayonet in the left hand and kukri (curved knife) in the right, these Gurkhas typify the fighting quality (as described in this page) of the Indian troops in the Western Desert. *Photo, British Official*

It's So Nice to See the Nazis Gorge in Oslo!

Judging from these extracts from a Norwegian housewife's letters which have reached the Royal Norwegian Government in London, there is no lack of food in Norway's capital—for the Germans! The Norwegians have the unpleasant experience of watching their "protectors" gorge, while they themselves go on short—and ever shorter—rations.

THE last frozen potatoes have been cooked and eaten. Every day now, week in and week out, lunch consists of fish, without potatoes, and bad fish at that. For supper there are not more than one or two slices of bread, without butter or cheese. The authorities tell the people to make up with turnips, but these also are difficult to get and usually frozen.

In the last few months Norwegian families living in towns or industrial areas have had no butter or margarine at all; but there is plenty of butter in the German restaurants and in the many thousand German house-holds. Norwegians spread their bread with a thin layer of jam—if they were lucky enough to get any fruit after the Germans had helped themselves to the harvest last year. The jam contains no sugar, only artificial sweetening: but it tastes all right. With this meal the Norwegian drinks half a glass of skimmed milk, which leaves not one white fleck on the glass. The Germans are so thoughtful: it is not necessary to wash the glass afterwards. But they are not so thoughtful for themselves, for their glass contains a thick white layer after they have drunk their creamy milk; and they are not restricted to one glass, they have two or three —more than a quart a day if they like it. And while the Norwegian and his family have had to do without eggs for months, the German has an egg for breakfast every day.

No Norwegian family gets more than 200 grams (about 6 oz.) of poor quality sausage meat per person per month. But at the same time every German can have 500 grams (over 1 lb.) of pure meat every week. If he is the only German living in a Norwegian house, he will have his meat dinner brought to his own room; but if there are several Germans there they take infinite pleasure in sitting down to table and devouring their meat course right in front of the Norwegians, who get only their inevitable bad fish without butter. The Germans are, of course, also free to get a meat meal five days out of seven in their own restaurants. Imagine the pleasure for a really hungry Norwegian to follow a German in thought—into his restaurant on a meatless day. There will be served a meal consisting of rich meat soup, fresh meat with new green vegetables and potatoes, puff pastries with cream (it is forbidden to serve cream), rounded off with cigarettes and real coffee (which is unobtainable in the shops), and choice wines.

In one of the big Oslo stores recently many people were misled in a most distressing manner. On entering the shop they saw before them a counter loaded with the most delicious cheeses, butter, coffee, eggs and choice delicacies; but when the Norwegian citizen ventured to approach this counter, he was bustled over to the opposite counter which, except for a few tins of spinach, stood bleak and bare. The first counter was reserved for his Germanic brothers.

Every German comes before a Norwegian citizen also where lodging is concerned. Should a German take a fancy to the apart-ments of a Norwegian citizen, an order makes it possible for the police to turn him and his family out, on the grounds either that the man is abroad or that he is an "enemy of the State." Every day sick and old people, mothers and children, are forced to leave their homes because a German wishes to live

RESTAURANT IN OSLO, once the famous Humia, now renamed Loewenbrau. It is reserved for the exclusive use of Germans, who have confiscated for its storerooms and cellars large supplies of food and drink. This photograph shows crates and barrels waiting to be taken in. *Photo, Keystone*

there. Of course, nothing is done to find new lodgings for the homeless.

But don't the Germans pay compensation for all they take? Naturally; they are no thieves, they are cultured people! The German official often earns ten times the salary of a Norwegian, but as the money is drawn from the Bank of Norway, it is in fact the Norwegians who pay for their oppressors' extravagances.

Our Convoy Went Through 6 Days of Bombing

A six-day battle against attacking planes recently fought by one of the largest convoys to reach Russia with war supplies, was described by British seamen on their return to this country.

For nearly a week our convoy was shadowed by a German plane (said a Merchant Navy officer). Then the "fun" started.

Heavy bombers came through the clouds, and the most terrific barrage I have ever seen opened up. The sky was black with the smoke of bursting shells. The Germans scattered and were clearly put off their course by the fire. They reformed and swooped in again. As the planes passed over little more than mast-high we opened up with everything we had. Hits were scored.

But out of the clouds came more German planes. The roar of gunfire and the noise of crashing bombs went on almost non-stop for days. We got no sleep—no one appeared to want sleep. The German planes kept up the attack. There was barely a break of half an hour between the raids. I saw more than a dozen of Jerry's planes crash in flames.

Then we got the signal to scatter. German naval forces had been sighted. Hardly had the convoy scattered than shells came crashing into the sea. Escorting warships sailed to meet the enemy, while we moved on, keeping our guns going at the midgets in the sky, who now did not appear to relish low-level bombing. In the distance we could hear the noise of heavy gunfire. That went on for hours.

Soon after we were again in action with the Jerry planes—this time torpedo bombers. Those pilots seemed to have charmed lives, until the Russian fighters came on the scene, charging head on, their guns blazing at the Huns. Most gallant of all was a Russian pilot in a single-seater fighter. He had been making circles round a bunch of Huns, blazing away all the time. I saw pieces of the German planes falling. Then his guns were silent. He started to climb rapidly, swung round and dived at three torpedo-planes in a bunch 1,000 feet above the sea. The Russian plane crashed right in among them and all three Germans hit the sea together with the Russian plane on top of them. That Russian pilot sacrificed his life to save our ships.

One Russian ship, hit at 5 o'clock in the morning of the third day, was set ablaze. For more than twelve hours the crew, including six girls, fought the fire. They put it out. All day long the ship never swerved from its course, maintained its speed and its correct place in the convoy. When the Russian skipper signalled "Fire under control," he received an immediate reply from the commodore: "Well done!"

We had six days of almost constant bombing raids (said Seaman Williams, of Anglesey). Our escort ship put up a magnificent barrage, but the Nazi pilots came right through it and gave us all they had.

We had a catapult plane on our ship and it was shot off to meet the attackers. The pilot was a young South African, and he went right up to break up the Nazi formations. We saw him bring down a large bomber and set off to chase another. I believe he got it, too, but a signal reached the bridge of our ship stating that the pilot was wounded and had had to bale out. He jumped clear of the machine and made a perfect parachute drop into the sea. A destroyer went to his rescue and took him safely aboard.

On the following day a direct hit was scored on our ship, and she began to sink immediately. Two boats were launched and one of them was only an oar's length from the ship's side when a bomb fell and the lifeboat was blown to pieces. Five of the men in it were killed.

In the other boat, where I was, we had to lie down on our faces to dodge bullets during machine-gun attacks by a Nazi plane. Luckily, none of us was injured, but our boat was shattered, and we found ourselves in the water clinging to driftwood. Because of the grand work of our naval escort none of us was in the water for long. The rescue ships ignored all risks in order that lives should not be lost.

There was never any darkness to give us protection from attack, and every man in that convoy was on duty throughout six days and nights without thought of rest or sleep. The convoy contained a number of American ships, and it was a miracle that, in spite of incessant bombing, so few ships were lost.

The Russians gave us a grand reception on our arrival, and when we saw how eagerly they tackled the job of discharging our cargoes we felt that our job in transporting them was well worth doing.

HEROES OF THE MERCHANT NAVY. The ships in their convoy were bombed and machine-gunned for six days and nights, but these five imperturbable men just went on with their job of helping to get supplies through to Russia. Their names (left to right) are: Frank Robinson and F. Gibson, from Liverpool; W. Williams, Anglesey; J. Rogan, Birkenhead; and F. Briggs, from Darwen, Lancs. Seaman Williams, whose ship was sunk by a direct hit, contributes above to the description of this hazardous voyage. *Photo, Keystone*

THE ITALIAN SUBMARINE FERRARIS, having ventured for the first time away from the coasts of Italy, was damaged by a Catalina flying boat and finally sunk by H.M. destroyer Lamerton, a convoy escort ship, which chased her for 31 miles. These photographs, taken by the eye-witness whose story is given below, show (left) members of the submarine's crew struggling in the water while waiting to be picked up, and (right) some of the survivors, stripped save for their life-saving belts, arriving aboard the British warship. *Photos, N. Symmons*

We Picked Up Forty-Four Unhappy Italians

Here in a few words Petty Officer Nicholas Symmons tells of an incident that came to break the monotony of a spell of convoy duty. At a time when the menace of the U-boats is being stressed in Press and Parliament, it is well to be reminded that the enemy is not having it all his own way.

DURING an attack on the convoy the night before, my ship, H.M.S. Lamerton, one of the convoy's escort, used up so much fuel owing to her high speed that she was ordered to leave the convoy, proceed to a port for oil fuel, and return to the convoy as soon as possible.

Three hours after we had left the convoy, one of the look-outs sighted a Catalina aircraft 17 miles away. A signalman successfully established communication with it by flashing. The Catalina tersely replied: "Full speed ahead." She had sighted and damaged with depth charges the long-range Italian submarine Ferraris. The submarine must have sighted us then, as she decided to make off on the surface at 22 knots.

We gradually overhauled her, and opened fire with the forward guns when the range had been reduced to 9,600 yards. We were zig-zagging in case she loosed off any torpedoes and to fluster their range as they were firing back with their after gun. Their firing was spasmodic and erratic, and the shells dropped some way off from Lamerton. We hit her four or five times, and brought her to a standstill in a sinking condition. Her firing ceased, and she sank before we arrived on the spot. Nevertheless, we dropped a pattern of depth charges over the spot to make sure of it.

There were 44 very unhappy Italians bobbing about in the water waiting to be picked up. As they climbed aboard Lamerton, our captain sounded a series of . . . — (V) on the siren. The Catalina swooped low over our masts and did the victory roll. So ended the thirty-one-mile chase with the destruction of the Ferraris while on her first cruise away from Italy.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

JULY 22, 1942, Wednesday *1,054th day*

Russian Front.—Fighting spread to area of Tsimlyanskaya and Novocherkassk, and continued round Voronezh.

Africa.—Heavy fighting developed on all sectors of the front; our troops made some progress.

Burma.—R.A.F. raided river craft in coastal areas.

Australasia.—Japs made new landing in New Guinea at Gona, 120 m. north of Port Moresby. Allied bombers sank three transports.

JULY 23, Thursday *1,055th day*

Sea.—Announced that British submarines in Mediterranean had sunk three enemy supply ships.

Air.—R.A.F. bombers raided Duisburg and other places in Ruhr and Rhineland. Russian Air Force bombed East Prussia.

Russian Front.—Fighting continued round Voronezh, Tsimlyanskaya and Novocherkassk, and spread to Rostov area.

Australasia.—Allied bombers raided Japs in Buna area of New Guinea; dive-bombers attacked Gona.

Home.—Seven enemy aircraft destroyed in scattered night raids.

JULY 24, Friday *1,056th day*

Russian Front.—Fighting continued in neighbourhood of Voronezh, Tsimlyanskaya, Novocherkassk and Rostov. Germans claimed to have taken Rostov.

Africa.—Patrol and artillery activity in northern and central sectors.

Australasia.—Jap bombers raided aerodrome at Port Moresby. Allied bombers attacked Jap installations at Gona.

JULY 25, Saturday *1,057th day*

Sea.—Russian warships sank two transports in Gulf of Finland.

Air.—Strong force of R.A.F. bombers again raided Duisburg by night and many Russian bombers attacked Königsberg.

Russian Front.—Announced that Germans broke through in one Rostov sector; fighting at Voronezh, Novocherkassk and Tsimlyanskaya.

Mediterranean.—Allied heavy bombers raided Crete.

Africa.—Land operations again confined to patrol and artillery engagements. Enemy reconnaissance planes over Nile Delta were destroyed or damaged.

Australasia.—Jap flying-boats made first raid on Townsville, Queensland. Allied bombers attacked Gona. U.S. Navy Dept. announced sinking of five more Jap ships by U.S. submarines.

JULY 26, Sunday *1,058th day*

Air.—American Air Force pilots took part for first time in fighter sweeps over N. France. Very strong force of R.A.F. bombers raided Hamburg at night.

Russian Front.—Fighting continued in area of Voronezh, Tsimlyanskaya, Novocherkassk and Rostov.

Africa.—Land operations again limited. Allied bombers made heavy raid on Tobruk.

Australasia.—Patrols engaged Japs at Awala, inland from Gona. Jap aircraft raided Darwin.

JULY 27, Monday *1,059th day*

Sea.—Russian warships in Barents Sea sank enemy submarine and transport.

Russian Front.—Evacuation of Rostov and Novocherkassk announced by Russians. Fighting continued round Voronezh and Tsimlyanskaya.

Mediterranean.—Thirteen enemy aircraft shot down over Malta.

Africa.—Severe fighting developed with heavy artillery duels.

Australasia.—Allied aircraft, including American dive-bombers, attacked Jap positions at Gona.

Home.—Number of scattered daylight raids over England.

JULY 28, Tuesday *1,060th day*

Sea.—Russian warships sank three transports in Bay of Finland.

Air.—Hamburg again raided by strong force of R.A.F. bombers.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting in areas of Voronezh, Tsimlyanskaya and Bataisk.

Africa.—Reduced activity on land.

Mediterranean.—Heavy bombers of Allied air forces raided Suda Bay, Crete.

Burma.—R.A.F. bombers attacked Akyab docks and Mandalay-Rangoon Rly.

Home.—Nine raiders destroyed in raids on Birmingham and elsewhere.

JULY 29, Wednesday *1,061st day*

Air.—Fighters made many daylight raids over N. France. Strong force of bombers attacked Saarbrücken at night.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting round Voronezh and at Tsimlyanskaya, Bataisk and S.W. of Kletskaya.

Australasia.—Allied ground patrols repulsed Japs from positions near Kokoda.

Home.—Birmingham was enemy's main night target; 8 raiders destroyed.

JULY 30, Thursday *1,062nd day*

Sea.—Light coastal forces were active during night in North Sea and Channel, and had three brushes with enemy.

Air.—Day raids over N. France, including St. Omer.

Russian Front.—German threat to Stalingrad railway becoming more acute. Russian resistance stiffening along R. Don.

Africa.—Bombs on outskirts of Cairo. Lull in desert fighting continued.

Australasia.—Japanese bombers attacked Fort Hedland (W. Australia). Large formations of aircraft attempting to raid Darwin were completely broken up.

Home.—Nine enemy bombers destroyed during widespread night raids.

JULY 31, Friday *1,063rd day*

Air.—Boston bombers raided St. Malo docks and aerodrome at Abbeville; 11 enemy fighters destroyed for 8 British escort fighters missing. Heavy night raid on Düsseldorf, causing great destruction. 31 of our aircraft missing.

Russian Front.—German attacks S.W. of Kletskaya repulsed with great loss. South of Rostov enemy made further progress.

Australasia.—Heavy Allied raids on targets in New Guinea, New Britain, Solomons and elsewhere.

China.—During night operations on July 30 and 31 U.S. fighters destroyed 17 Jap aircraft in battles round Hengyang.

AUGUST 1, Saturday *1,064th day*

Sea.—Night action in English Channel resulting in destruction of two E-boats and damage to other enemy units. In darkness German ships fired on each other, and German shore batteries on their own forces.

Air.—Daylight raids on railway and other targets in N. France and on Flushing.

Russian Front.—Fierce engagements in areas of Kletskaya, Tsimlyanskaya, Kushchevsk and Salsk, rail junction 100 miles S.E. of Rostov.

Home.—Short night raid on Norwich

AUGUST 2, Sunday *1,065th day*

Air.—Spitfires attacked railway targets and barges in Low Countries.

Russian Front.—German forces south of lower Don making rapid 3-prong advance. Two thrusts reached junction on Caucasus-Stalingrad railway; third aimed at Yeisk, on Sea of Azov.

Africa.—Air warfare continued unabated, especially heavy attacks on Tobruk and other enemy ports.

Australasia.—Allied bombers continued attacks on Japanese in Papua and on naval units in Banda Sea.

Home.—East and south coastal raids by single enemy aircraft. Three raiders destroyed at night.

AUGUST 3, Monday *1,066th day*

Air.—German floatplane destroyed during Coastal Command combats in Bay of Biscay.

Russian Front.—Red armies still holding enemy attacks in Don loop. South of Rostov Germans claimed to be near upper reaches of Kuban river.

Africa.—Egyptian front still quiet.

Home.—Single enemy bombers dropped bombs at places in E. and N.E. England and Midlands, and on seaside resort in S.W. area.

AUGUST 4, Tuesday *1,067th day*

Air.—Night bombers attacked targets in the Ruhr

Russian Front.—Retreat south of River Don continued. Germans claimed capture of Voroshilovsk. In Don loop Russians still resisting effectively.

Australasia.—Enemy shipping activity reported off Gona (Papua) area, suggesting arrival of reinforcements.

Home.—Daylight raids on two south-coast towns. Night attacks on S. and S.W. England and S. Wales. Six out of 30 raiders destroyed.

Editor's Postscript

ALL too soon September will be upon us, and Autumn days will be here again. Last night it happened that I was glancing through my copy of Old Moore's Almanack, amusing myself by checking off his prophecies against their fulfilment. I was surprised to find him remarkably accurate in his forecast for August so far as weather conditions were concerned, as witness: "The best harvest this country has probably ever known is likely to be gathered this month under ideal conditions, with every advantage which public interest will bring. More than ever is it recognized that, however important industrial life is, agriculture is in its ascendancy and a country like our own must find the foundation for its health and prosperity. Too long have fertile acres been suffered to remain idle, although idle hands have been waiting to turn them into producers of economic wealth for us all. But never again will such things be, and a cry for increased production and yet more production is the order of the day."

BEARING in mind that it is more than a year since these words were printed, that is certainly one up for the prophet. But, curious to know what he has in store for us in September, I read with some surprise that: "Under its new regime Japan shows an inclination to join up with the democratic Powers, realizing that its tremendous industrial output can be used to greatest advantage by the closest possible association with those nations who are fashioning the new world." Quite obviously this Old Moore (there are several, by the way) is on safer grounds when prophesying about seed-time and harvest than in projecting his prophetic vision a few months ahead into international relationships. The words I have quoted were published only six months before the resounding disaster at Pearl Harbour, but any prophet worth tuppence ought to have known that Pearl Harbour was just round the corner when he was writing. This particular "bloomer" probably registers a new high mark of guesswork in divination.

I SHALL, however, look out in September for "a new author with a book on revolutionary lines" who "arouses great interest." Does any month ever pass without bringing someone that answers that description? It sounds a safe enough shot at an inner on the prophetic dartboard, but I have just heard that Old Moore for 1943, conveniently forgetful of all the nonsense he wrote in 1941 concerning 1942, is already circulating his prophecies for 1944, and I must get my annual copy, for I look upon him as a source of innocent merriment. And I know there is a large element of truth in his Almanack, which reminds me that Lord Tennyson was born on August 6, a hundred and thirty-three years ago; that it was just twenty years (to my amazement) since Lord Northcliffe died on the 14th of the month, and August 22 is Sir Walter Citrine's fifty-fifth birthday. These are things that any person can find out without having recourse to the stars, and are worthier of acceptance. I also noticed that two years ago, on the publishing day of this number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, Trotsky was murdered in Mexico; a significant fact to remember. For it was the "liquidation" of the Trotsky conspiracy that placed the Soviet Government in the position of unassailable strength that has enabled it to make so marvellous a stand against the German invaders. This and much more of great usefulness in forming a proper appreciation of the power, purpose, and capabilities of Stalin and the men around him, is clearly illustrated in the pages of that invaluable book, Mission to Moscow, by Joseph E. Davies, U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1936 to 1938, a review of which, embodying some instructive extracts, I hope to include in an early issue.

KING HAAKON of Norway celebrated his 70th birthday on August 3, 1942, when all Norwegians, whether bond or free, paid tribute to their leader, who stands as the symbol of that liberty for which they are struggling.
Photo by Courtesy of the Royal Norwegian Government

THE long tongue of that lying jade, Dame Rumour, has been wagging briskly of late. And the more I hear of her waggings the more I am inclined to credit her with Teutonic parentage. But what surprises me is the credulity of quite intelligent persons. Here is one instance revealed to me in whisperings at a club table with much cautioning not to let it be known. But I'm going to shout it! It wasn't Essen that suffered the second of our thousand-bomber raids—it was a dummy town featuring all the landmarks of Essen, with dummy Krupp's works, great dummy breweries, dummy railway stations, a dummy monastery, dummy Minster and numerous dummy churches, and a dummy exchange! My informant couldn't tell me just where this dummy Essen had been built, but that's the place our thousand bombers smothered with their high explosives! Well, I haven't visited Essen, but its population is now (or was recently) nearly 700,000, and I know what that implies: a town covering an area greater than Sheffield and not much less than Manchester. And I shall assert that any man, woman, or child who believes the Germans could have built up a dummy Essen, bigger than Sheffield, to delude our R.A.F. boys and make them waste their beautiful bombs on it (protecting the dummy, remember, with the heaviest type of anti-aircraft guns) is first cousin to the loons who saw the Russians coming through Scotland in 1915 and knew they were Russians by the snow on their boots. Yet it was a very able journalist who whispered this wonder tale in my ear and gave every sign of believing it. It didn't take me a split second to denounce it for sheer idiocy.

LET'S examine the yarn. (1) Our R.A.F. pilot officers don't sail the skies looking for places like Essen anywhere but at Essen, especially when one thousand of them are all on the same target. The navigation officer can direct his plane over any town of that size by dead reckoning. His instruments do 90 per cent of the job for him. (2) A thousand pilots can't all go wrong; at least a few hundreds of them would get to the proper target! (3) "Great Fires" could not start up from *papier mâché* buildings and send their smoke thousands of feet into the air, while vast explosions in dummy buildings were being registered by all the observers. (4) And finally, if the idiocy were a truth, the energy that went to the making of the dummy town and its ack-ack defence was far greater than that involved in the dispatching of those thousand aeroplanes. Don't you think so?

THESE are the sort of lies that Goebbels would like us to believe, and I am convinced that only fifth columnists in England could invent them, or at least circulate them. My friend is no fifth columnist; he is a very patriotic and clever newspaper columnist, but more credulous by nature than I am, for he looks upon me as a very obstinate sceptic in all things. I shall say nothing about his other hush-hush news, none of which I credited, but will give only one other instance of Dame Rumour's wagging tongue. "Do you know that the inhabitants of X—— are to be evacuated at two hours' notice and the aged and infirm have all been advised to leave the town at once?" asked a lady friend of mine just returned from a visit to X——. "I don't, and I do not believe it's true," said I. "Have you seen the official notice?" I asked. "Oh, no," said the lady, "but my sister was told by her next neighbour that she had seen one." Consider the matter, please. A great seaside town is booked for evacuation at two hours' notice, yet some of its residents have to rely on their neighbours for this information. These neighbours haven't been officially warned, but they've "seen" a notice received by another householder. No notices were displayed on the hoardings. Believe that and you'll believe anything. Not that I think very highly of our local authorities anywhere. I urge all my readers to turn a deaf ear to any talk of this kind and to believe not one word of it until they have seen it in official print for themselves.

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—August 21, 1942. S.S. *Editorial Address:* JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4